THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 23, 1932

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THE WEEK-END'S SPORT—Rowing : Rugger : Racing : Golf

The BYSTANDER

1/-

Beef in Brief—

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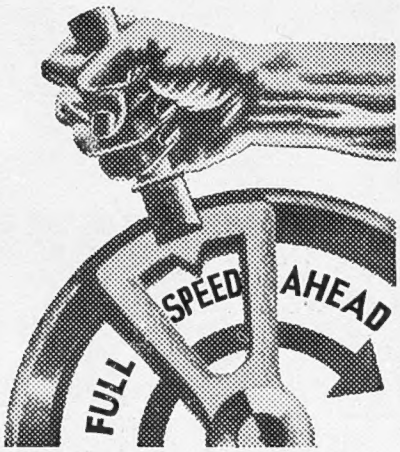

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Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Fr. 13 to 18.

The Bystander, March 23, 1932

The BYSTANDER

No. 1475. Vol. CXIII

FOUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Four of the debutantes who sold programmes at the Karsavina Matinee at the Savoy Theatre in aid of King's College Hospital. Seen above, from left to right, are Miss Hutchinson, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, Lady Honor Guinness and Miss "Baby" Jungman

PICTORIAL POINTS FROM SOME RECENT POINT-TO-POINTS

Runners going to the post for the Nomination Race at the Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases. The meeting, which was very well attended, was held at Chesterton, near Leamington

VICTORY TO YOUTH

Miss Joan Goodall, aged sixteen, the winner of the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the Cambridgeshire Harriers Point-to-Point at Cottenham. The Hunt Ball was held at the Union Arms Hotel, Cambridge, on March 10

Miss Betty Moss at the Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point

At the Beaufort Hunt Point-to-Point. Miss M. Brassey and Miss Jean Crichton

Right: Sir Gerard and Lady Fiona Fuller "sticking" it in the cold weather at the Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Chesterton. Lady Fiona is the younger daughter of Marquess Camden

the passing hour

A NAVAL OCCASION

Lieut.-Commander G. Simpson, R.N., and his bride, Miss Doris Collen, passing under the crossed swords of their Guard of Honour. They were married recently at Christ Church, Guildford

LADY ELIZABETH GREY

The younger daughter of Earl and Countess Grey, of Howick House, Lesbury, Northumberland, and Eaton Place. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Ronald Dawnay, Coldstream Guards, the son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay and of Lady Susan Dawnay

IT is one of the anomalies of the Irish Sweeps that practically nobody in Mayfair, despite the thousands of tickets bought there, ever seems to draw a horse. It is true that outside the May Fair Hotel I heard a taxicab driver telling his mate that he and two other men had got a £100 prize. But that is by the way. Meantime, thousands of tickets have already been bought for the sweep on the Derby.

IT so happened that I was in Dublin and able to see the draw last week. Nothing could have been more efficient. Afterwards I had a long talk with Lord Powerscourt, who told me that such is the fame attaching to his chairmanship of the Irish Hospitals Trust that he receives an embarrassing welcome wherever he goes in England—from Harrogate to Cornwall.

LORD POWERSCOURT, whose name is always mispronounced the way it is spelled, was Lord Provost of Dublin during the unsettled period. But he is never, he tells me, going to write his memoirs.

POWERSCOURT, near Bray, is one of the most lovely estates in Ireland. It has a fountain the water of which springs to a height of seventy feet, and it also boasts the highest waterfall in the British Isles, with a drop of more than four hundred feet. His property adjoins the Enniskerry Valley, which is notable for its granite and limestone-dotted grandeur.

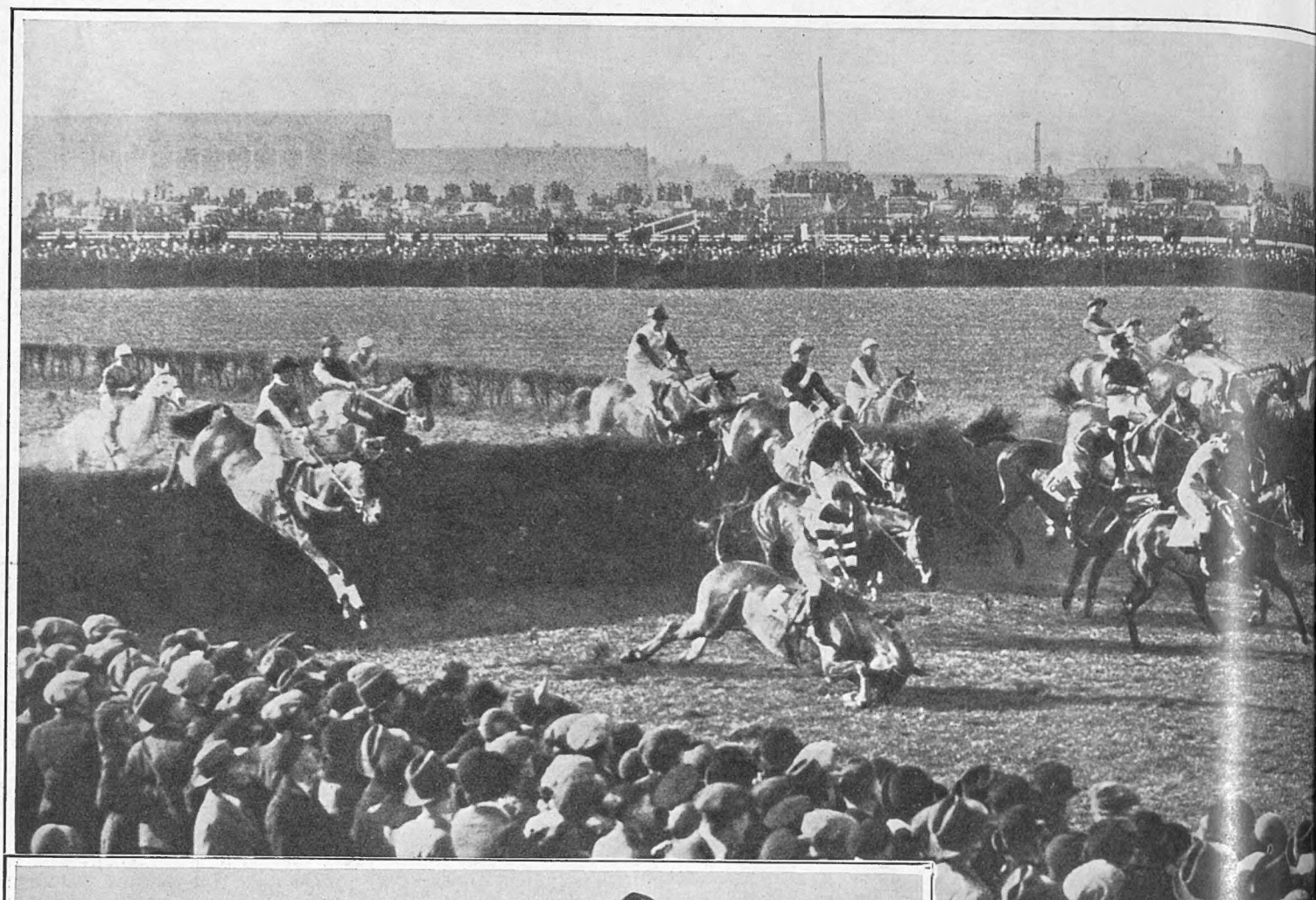
TWO or three miles away lives Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, who was Minister of Defence—alias Secretary of State for War—in the Government overthrown by De Valera. He and Lord Powerscourt are both somewhat pessimistic about the future of Ireland, which until three weeks ago was the most contented country in the world. It remains to be seen whether the I.R.A. remain peaceable. It also remains to be seen whether we and the other countries who subscribe to the Irish sweepstakes will do so in two years' time, when the hospitals have been rebuilt and the object of our indirect charities will be the rebuilding of Irishmen's houses and the lowering of the rates.

THE draw itself was a remarkable scene, with General O'Duffy, who looked more like an after-dinner speaker than a Commander-in-Chief, taking the counter-

(Continued on page 530)

DORA'S DETRACTOR EN VACANCE

Mr. A. P. Herbert, the author and playwright, whose condemnations of Dora and all her petty-fogging restrictions is equalled only by his championship of British beer and skittles, setting off from Waterloo with Mrs. Herbert. They are spending a short holiday in Egypt



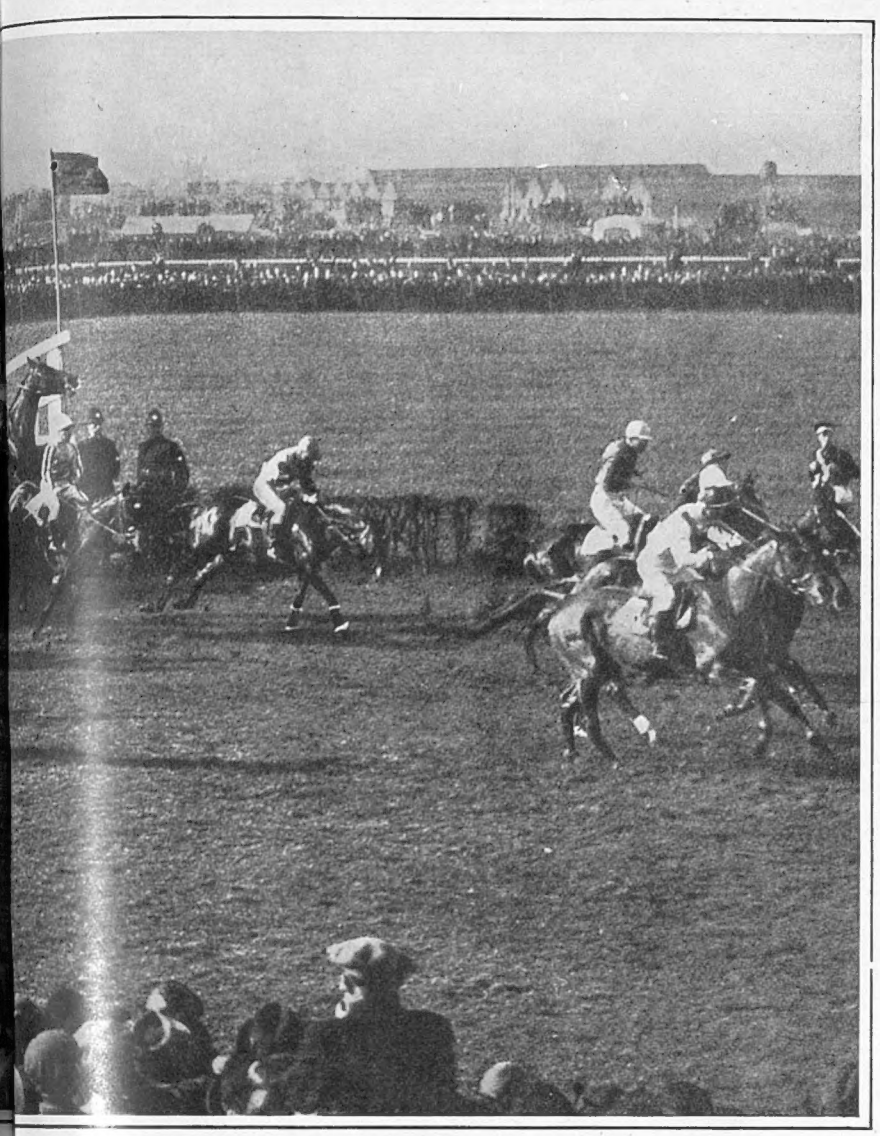
Before the usual huge crow[illegible], and in glori[illegible] except of the bookmakers—[illegible] the failure taking the first fence the fir[illegible] time round. [illegible] runn[illegible]g. The chan[illegible]

OUTSIDERS LEAD

The winner of the race was Mr. W. Parsonage's Forbra (J. Hamey up), seen on the left with Mrs Ireland's Egremont (Mr. E. C. Paget up), which ran second, on the right. They are taking the second thorn fence below Anchor Bridge the second time round The amateur rider, Mr. Paget, rode a magnificent race, and a last despairing effort to catch the winner was almost successful

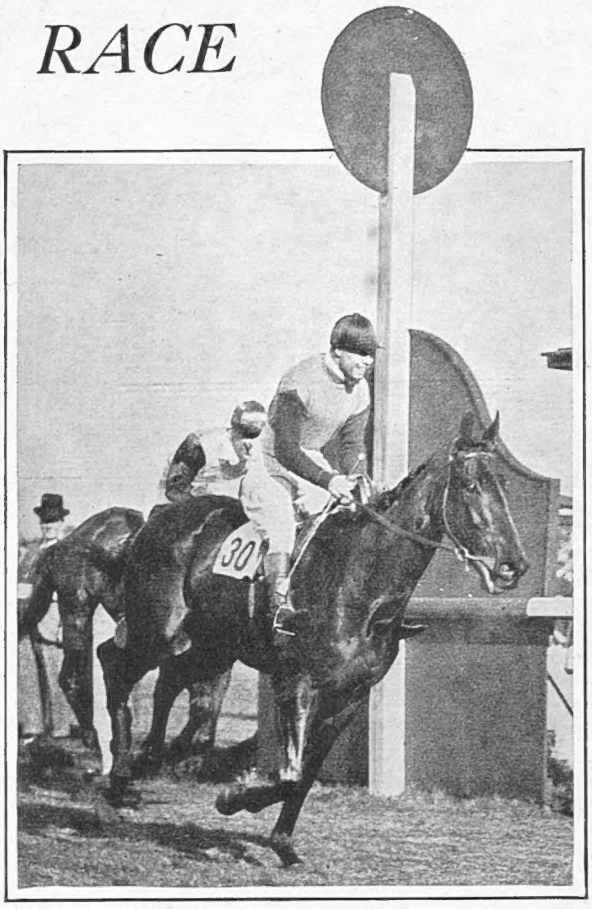
The boat race prophets were more success[illegible]

The NATIONAL and the BOAT RACE



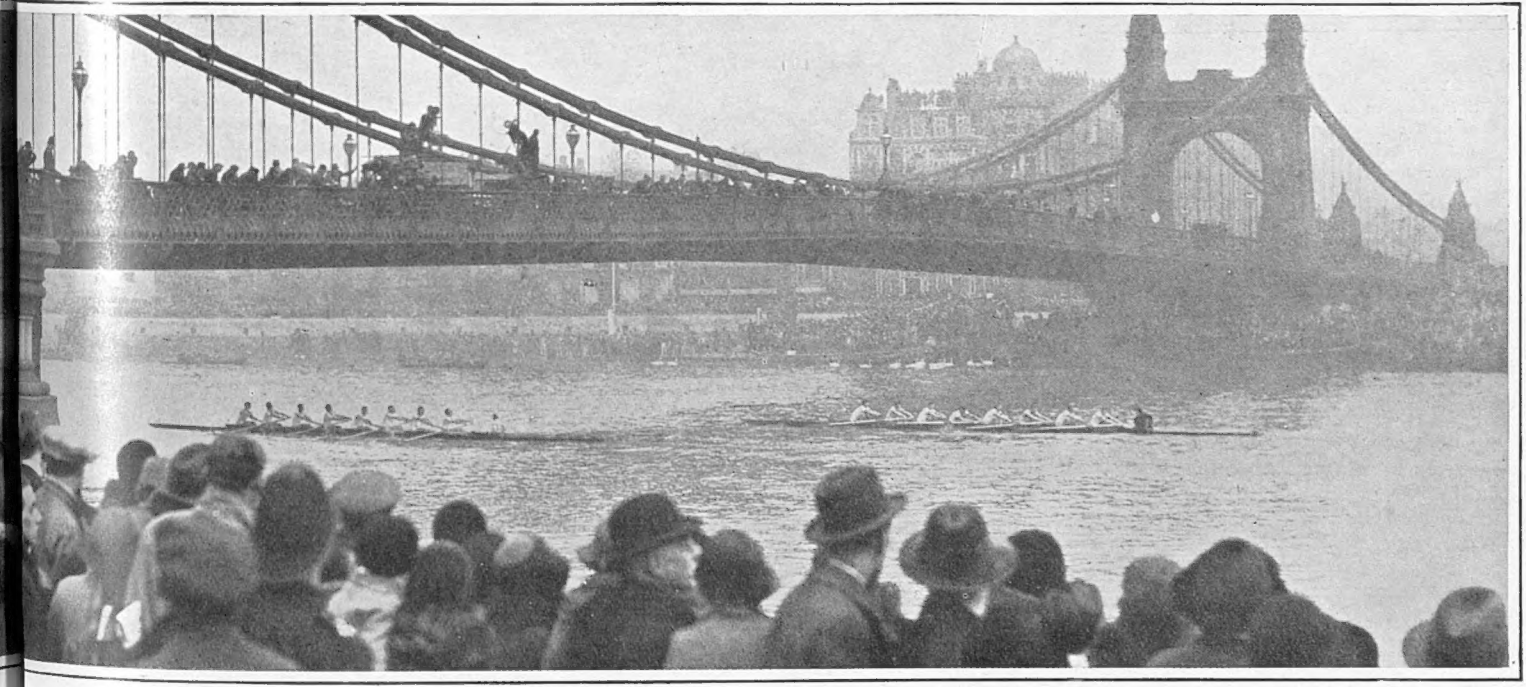
THE FIRST FENCE AT AINTREE

...her, the Grand National was run last Friday. The only thing which marred the general enjoyment—of the favourites to win or even find a place. Above is a general view of the race with the horses ...casualties at the fence before Anchor Bridge which put several of the most fancied horses out of the ...Heartbreak Hill one of the favourites, were ruined by a riderless horse



THE FINISH OF THE RACE

Forbra, a fifty-to-one chance, just winning from Egremont, which started at thirty-three to one. Mr. W. H. Midwood's Shaun Goilin, forty to one, was a bad third



CAMBRIDGE WIN AGAIN

...the Grand National tipsters for the favourites won again, this being the ninth successive victory of Cambridge. The view above shows the two crews shooting Hammersmith Bridge during last Saturday's race

HIGHLANDERS AT THE LEVEE

Miss Jasmine Gordon accompanying Lord Dudley Gordon, D.S.O., and Mr. Davis Gordon to the Levee held recently. During the War Lord Dudley, who is the second son of the Marquess of Aberdeen, commanded a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders

AT SUPPER-TIME

Miss Pamela Nichols and Mr. J. Findlay at the Café de Paris. Supping and dancing at the Café de Paris, where Jack Harris and his band are now to be seen—and heard—are very popular ways to wind up the day

(Continued from page 527)

foils from the pretty nurses and then handing them to Mr. O'Sheehan, the man who read out the names of the winners. It was all rather musical comedy-like, although so extremely efficient.

ONE of the amenities of the Irish capital is the presence of no fewer than twenty-four golf courses within an hour's run of Dublin. The best of these is undoubtedly Portmarnock, one of the six hardest courses in the world.

THE bogey is 77, and yet the professional record is as much as 72, with the amateur record one stroke higher. It is interesting to see that at every hole they have a white stone to mark the line for strangers. English courses might do well to adopt the same idea. When there is a gale I can imagine no tougher course in the world, not even excluding Gullane No. 1.

Lenare

MISS MARGARET PATRICIA BLACKADER

Who is engaged to Lord Waleran, who was the Assistant Private Secretary to the Governor-General of New Zealand from 1927 to 1930. She is the daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. Blackader, of Montreal

ONE of the quieter entertainments lately given in London was the concert given by Lady Anglesey, with Miss Margaret Elwes, that promising young singer, as one of the chief performers. Prince Arthur of Connaught was there, and Lady Caroline Paget was in a pink and blue dress of the latest design. She certainly is a very pretty girl.

RECENTLY Mrs. Pelham-Clinton gave a restaurant dance for two hundred people, and the same evening Captain Alistair Macintosh gave a party of seventy at the Embassy Club, from which, as I have said, Jack Harris, the leader of the orchestra, has departed. Captain Macintosh had arranged to bring a conjuror to entertain his guests and the other members—for the first time in the history of the club.

THE truth of the matter is that in a really smart club or restaurant the ideal cabaret is provided by the guests themselves. Nothing could have been more amusing than the looks on the faces of the other debutantes and ex-debutantes when Miss Whigham sailed in. At the Embassy there have been very few cabaret acts. A couple of acrobatic dancers, June (when she was getting £30 a week), Irene Castle, a Russian violinist, and that is about all I can remember over the last eight years.

THE fine weather of the past few weeks have lured any number of well-knowns to Brighton. Harry Preston's guests have included Lord Ednam, Mr. Peter Dudley, Lord Morley, and Lord Braye. At the Metropole Lord and Lady Doverdale have been trying to think that they were still in the West Indies, and other guests have included Lady Dunn and Sir Frederick and Lady McMillan.

ANOTHER concert given in London was the after-dinner affair at which Lord and Lady Carisbrooke and the Dowager Lady Rutland were present. The Duke of Marlborough, and, of course, Lady Cunard, put in an appearance, as also did Lord Berners and Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, on the departure of whose friendly rival, Mr. Brendan Bracken, I was commenting last week.

THREE private dances given last week were those for Lady Mildred Fitz-Gerald's daughter, Miss Jean Follett—at the Czecho-Slovakian Legation of all places; the one given by Lord Middleton's sister, Mrs. Brodrick; and Mrs. Darell's dance for her daughter, Elizabeth. It certainly has been the gayest Lent on record. One almost wonders whether there will not be dances in Holy Week next year.

IT was a remarkable double event—the sudden deaths of Kreuger, the match king, and George Eastman, the photographic millionaire. Kreuger never gave interviews to the newspapers. Perhaps that is why he was so rich at the age of fifty-two, and even earlier! Mr. Eastman was shooting lions in Abyssinia at the age of seventy-three, although he failed to bag any white rhinos.

EASTER holidays are looming large for everybody. Lady Oxford and Asquith has gone off to the South of France for three weeks. Lady Horne has gone to Gibraltar. Lord and Lady Askwith are off to Rugby. Sir Arthur and Lady Steel-Maitland have chosen Scotland. Sir Giles and Lady Scott are on a cruise in the Mediterranean.

MR. WILLIAM GARDINER, the presiding genius of Pourville, has returned to London after a visit to the West Indies. I gather that he does not intend to open the resort before the summer, although any number of people have begged him to do so at Whitsun. He is, I suppose, one of the best-looking men I know, and his French accent, despite his English nationality, is very engaging.

POURVILLE must be one of the few places where the casino is in the hotel, though there is also one at the Royal Palace at Ostende. But what I like chiefly about it is the insouciance with which a row of seven different bowls of water outside the main entrance to the hotel is titled the Dogs' Bar You can also catch the most marvellous prawns within a stone's throw of your bedroom window.

AINTREE was not quite its usual self this year. For the Duke of Westminster has gone off on a cruise to Madeira, and so has not given his usual house-party. Sir Richard Sykes, however, was having one of his regular house-parties at Sledmere, and Croxteth Hall, Lord Adare's place, was also full. Many people flew all the way and back, and coming over from Dublin I saw that Captain Boyd-Rochfort was in a party of four.

TO-DAY will see the final stage of the Varsity golf match at Lytham St. Annes. It should be a very good thing for Oxford, though I expect McRorry, the Cambridge captain, to win his match against J. R. Keen, who has been rather overshadowed by the brilliant golf played by Charles Sweeney and his brother. However, Keen has never yet been beaten in the Varsity singles, and this will be his fourth appearance.

IT is one of the curiosities of Varsity golf that one sees so much of the Dark Blue team, and so little of Cambridge. It is the same indeed with all former undergraduates from that University. One can count on one's fingers all the Cambridge men whom you see in the supper-club crowds. The names of the Oxford set are legion.

WHAT, by the way, has happened to Mr. Dale Bourn recently? One does not seem to see him anywhere. His former boon companion, Captain Babe Barnato, has been in America for some time, of course. Mayfair is, indeed, a strange place. People come and go, and you never realise that anyone has disappeared until they turn up again.

IT was quite a shock to see Lord Sefton the other night, although it used to be impossible to go anywhere without being conscious of his slim elegance. Lady Milbanke, too, had been away for some time until a fortnight ago. When, I wonder, will Lady Louis Mountbatten return to Mayfair? Florence de Pena is on a trip to Ceylon, and Eileen Bennett (that was) is on a long lawn tennis trip.

MARCH and April are the two great months for Hunt point-to-point race meetings, writes our Hunting Correspondent. The Meynell have arranged a splendid programme for their annual 'chasing fixture, to be held at Aston-on-Trent on Easter Monday. A novel event of unusual interest will be introduced in Ye Old Fashioned Point-to-Point Steeplechase (open to adjacent Hunts), run over four miles of unknown country, in which competitors will receive necessary instructions at the starting point. A race is also provided exclusively for members of the Old Etonian Association.

UP AND OVER AT THE WATER-JUMP

The field in the Wakefield Cup Nomination Race taking the water jump at the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point at Silverstone. It was won by Brig.-General G. Paynter's Bell Lake, with Mr. G. Hobbs up

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I suggest we get down to the proved system of winner finding without delay. Follow the horses that have carried commissions and lost. Money Talks! And in the majority of cases losses are recovered.

With the exception of "Lincoln" Day, when there was a larger attendance than on other days, betting was very light, but market operations proved which animals were expected to score.

***Meritondy,** in the Brocklesby (five furlongs) claimed the attention of the "Blower," but did not reach the first three. Won twice and was placed five times last season.*

***Diet** carried returned S.P. money, but made no show in the Tathwell Auction Plate for two-year-olds. Follow up.*

***Jenkins' Ear** was backed down from 6 to 1 to 3 to 1 for the Welbeck Handicap (seven furlongs) but with others got a slamming by Torelet, this filly winning in a canter by six lengths. Jenkins' Ear won two good races last year.*

***Saphir,** second to Sterling Boy in the Hainton Plate (one mile and a half) was backed at 10 to 1 down to 7 to 1. Was unplaced last year.*

***Hareby** was a late order for the Canwick Maiden Plate (one mile and a quarter) the wagers being win and place. Should prove an early winner.*

Mr. K. Urquhart (left), Mr. Carlisle and Miss Ruby Nevill at the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point. Mr. Urquhart won the Varsity Race for Oxford

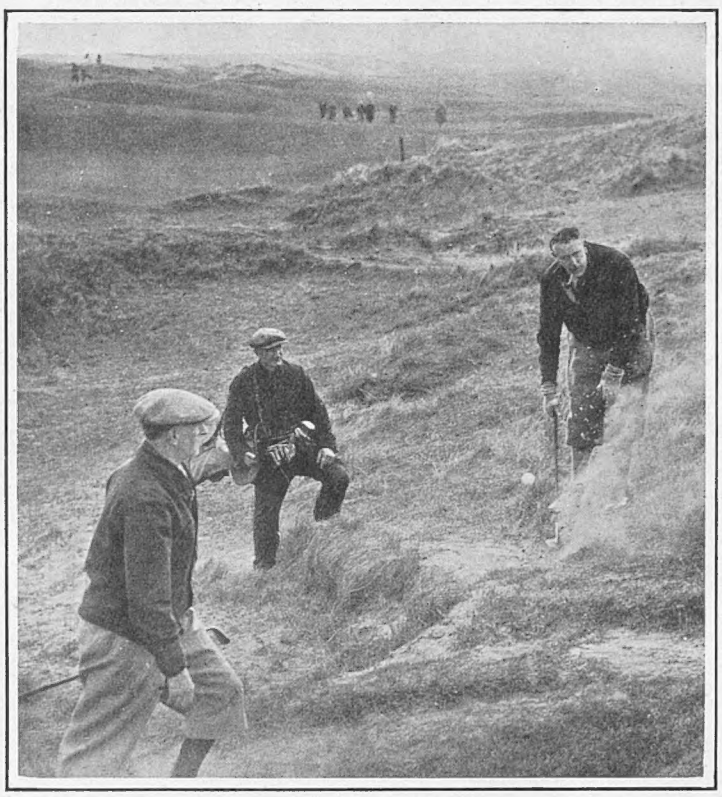
Lieut.-Col. J. G. Thom, D.S.O., M.P., and Miss Anna E. T. Brown after their wedding at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. The former has been appointed to a Judgeship in India

The HALFORD HEWITT CUP at DEAL

The Public Schools Old Boys' Tournament at Deal. Lt.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, left, and J. Pelham-Burn, right, representing Old Harrovians waiting at the starter's box

An old Etonian pair. H. M. Bray and Eric Martin-Smith (the Amateur Champion) with the Hon. Mrs. H. M. Bray They lost their match against the Harrovians, G. L. Q. Henriques and R. W. G Zair, by one hole

Right. E. Elias (Old Salopians) in difficulties at the fourth The Old Salopians beat the Old Leysians by four games to one Further photographs and caricatures by H. H. Harris will appear next week



Captain N. Zambra (Old Cholmeleians) playing from a difficult lie at the fourth during the match with the Old Cranleighans, who won by four games to one. In next week's issue Gerard Fairlie will throw side-lights on the play in a weekly causerie on golf

After the dog-fight finish at the nineteenth between Eton and Harrow, won by Harrow by three games to two. E. R. Campbell and Bernard Darwin (Old Etonians) left, who lost to R. H. Oppenheimer amd C. D. Gray (Old Harrovians)

ENGLAND VICTORIOUS

Scotland beaten by 16 points to 3 in the Calcutta Cup Match at Twickenham

ARMS AND THE MAN!

Above: A good action photograph of a high tackle following loose play in the fast and open game at Twickenham last Saturday. Right: The exciting prologue to Scotland's first and last try, scored by Ian Smith after seventeen minutes' play. Dr. J. R. Wheeler, the Irish referee, is very much on the spot

C. D. Aarvold, who played a captain's game for England, is seen above on the right scoring one of his two tries. The English forwards, by more than holding their own with the Scottish pack, presented their outsides with many opportunities for attack, and the English backs, in consequence, gave their best display in International matches. T. W. Brown, of Bristol, who through injury and illness had been kept out of previous games, was a tower of strength at full back. By this victory England shares with Ireland and Wales the honours of the season and recovers the Calcutta Cup. A thrilling game, a dry ground and perfect weather all helped to make the last International match of the season a most enjoyable one for the huge crowd present

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

MISS SHEILA BERRY has the most attractive new gold tissue evening coat with wide sleeves and a fitted waist. Gold—as a dress colour and as jewellery has returned to fashion with its increased value. Lady Bridget Poulett has a double row of twisted gold beads, and the Nichols sisters have heaps of gold bracelets of all shapes and sizes.

WHY does the short, pink-cheeked son of a well-known father use such bad language, especially in front of women? There are rumours that he has already got into trouble—but he will get into more.

LADY PLUNKET gets more attractive every year. She looks younger than most of the debutantes, and is lovely with her new very brown sun-burn. She is a very good wife, more than I can say of many beauties, and adores her three small sons.

GREAT friends, like twins, seem to dress alike these days. I saw Lady Milbanke in a lovely red velvet evening coat, and her great friend, Mrs. Peter Thursby, in a similar one. Miss Jeanne Stourton, who, anyway, has a decided look of Miss Margaret Whigham, wears almost identical dresses at times.

HOW spoilt the young things of to-day are. There was a very nice dance for them last week, but it wasn't good enough. Most of them were at various night clubs and restaurants by one o'clock.

SIR JOHN CAREW POLE and his wife have the most attractive checkboard tweeds to match each other. Lady Carew Pole is amusing, and everyone loves to talk to her. I can say the same of Lady Victoria Douglas-Scott.

MISS ULRICA THYNNE is quite lovely in the ballroom, but I think she spoils herself in the saddle by riding astride. It is so ungraceful for a tall, feminine girl, and nothing is smarter than side-saddle. Look at beautiful Mrs. Marshall-Feild. No one could look better on a horse.

IT is so nice to see little Mrs. Philip Kindersley about everywhere again, and her new daughter is adorable. Mrs. Kindersley is so popular, and her tall, dark, determined-looking husband is a dear. Everyone thinks so, including his wife.

WHY must a small, seen-everywhere with a pretty-pretty reputation young man be such a snob? If he is with someone important he is so happy.

LORD WIMBORNE is often to be found lunching alone at his particular table at the Ritz—watching other people. The Duke of Marlborough is another who never minds sitting alone in a restaurant. Few young men have the courage.

MISS CONSTANCE CARPENTER is looking as sweet and wistful as ever, but where, where is her golden hair? She is quite dark nowadays, but her figure is just as lovely.

A MUCH-TALKED-OF politician is being very devoted and unusually faithful to a lovely tall girl with a newly windswept head.

LADY WESTMORLAND wears her skirts too long, I think. A short-length skirt is so much more becoming in the daytime than one almost to the ankles. Lady Louis Mountbatten, who has such lovely legs, is wise to keep her very short skirts.

WHY is a lovely lady so dissatisfied with her birthday present? Can it be because her dearest enemy's got a lovely Cartier bracelet, while hers was only a pearl ring?

LADY OXFORD never misses a concert, and Lady Mount-Temple is generally present, arriving a little late in a hurry. Lady Dashwood seems to have caught musical inflection lately, and, of course, Lady Lavery can never be absent; we would hate it if she was.

WHY does a certain young and supposedly beautiful married woman think it clever to be rude to other women, and have the worst manners ever?

MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU has been having the gayest time over here. Everyone loves her and she has the sweetest way of always getting what she wants. She should give lessons to those silly women who demand instead of coaxing.

WHY has a certain lady been compelled to buy a safe, and to carry its little key everywhere with her? One should always destroy incriminating documents.

MY prize this week goes to Miss Tracy-Simpson, who is very smart, sophisticated, pretty, and unspoilt by flattery.

On the left are seen the brides-maids and attendants at the wedding of Capt. J. Inglis-Jones, Grenadier Guards, and Miss H. Vivian, the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Aline Vivian. They are Lady Gloria Vaughan, the Hon. Ursula Vivian, the Misses Helen Symons, Angela Duncan, Marguerite Blount, Marguerita Barran, Pamela Dawnay, Nancy Malcolmson, Jane Dudley Ryder, Johanna Molesworth-St. Aubyn and John Molesworth-St. Aubyn. Below, the bride is seen greeting the Guard of Honour on leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square

THE BRIDAL ATTENDANTS

THE BRIDE GREETS HER GUARD OF HONOUR

MISS DIANA MAINWARING

Miss Diana Mainwaring, who will be presented at one of His Majesty's Courts this season, is the elder daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Mainwaring and a grandchild of Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley

"Buds" of 1932

"The Bystander's" Third List of Debutantes

LADY ELISABETH HARE

MISS BELINDA BOYLE

The only daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. James Boyle and of Lady Trenchard, who is another of this season's debutantes. Her stepfather, Marshal of the Air Force Lord Trenchard, is the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolitan Area

Left : Lady Elisabeth Hare, who is another of this year's debutantes, is the younger sister of the fifth Earl of Listowel and the daughter of the fourth Countess of Listowel. Her father, who was a noted big game hunter, died last year

WEDDING BELLES

MISS MURIEL EMILY COCHRANE

Who is engaged to Mr. Cecil Charles Madden. She is the eldest daughter of Brig.-General James K. Cochrane C.M.G., and of Mrs. Cochrane

Hay Wrightson

Lenare

MISS JOAN SHAW

Above : Miss Joan Shaw, who is engaged to Mr. Edward Ian Bruce Harvey. Her fiancé is in the Scots Guards

Lafayette

MISS AUDREY BALLARD

Left : The only daughter of Major A. P. Ballard and the late Mrs. Ballard, she is to marry Mr. K. O. N. Foster, Northumberland Fusiliers. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel O. B. Foster, M.C., and of Mrs. Foster

Lenare

MISS ALVIRA HENDERSON

Above : The actress-niece of Lord Faringdon, who is engaged to Mr. John Humphrey, now playing at the Haymarket. She is the leading lady in "Below the Surface," at the Princes Theatre

Lenare

MISS EVADNE FLOWER

On the extreme left is Miss Evadne Flower, only daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Flower. Her fiancé is Mr. Robert Cyril Longsdon

Lenare

MISS VIOLET WADDINGTON

The nearer left-hand photograph is of Miss Violet Waddington. She is engaged to Mr. Ashton Wentworth Roskill

Elliott and Fry

MISS RUTH MARY CREICHTON

Who is to marry Sir Thomas Boverton Redwood, Bart. She is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Creighton, of Compton, near Winchester

MY WEEKLY THOUGHT
by Norman Thwaites

Mr. C. B. Cochran speaking at the luncheon he gave at the Savoy to inaugurate a new brand of sherry. With him are the Austrian Minister, Lady Diana Duff Cooper and Lord Lurgan

MOST gratifying are the bouquets handed to Great Britain by the Press of the world concerning the prompt and apparently unanticipated payment of recently contracted debts.

A French newspaper remarks that the name of Britain on a bank-note represents that of an honoured firm, symbolising as it does centuries of financial rectitude.

One recalls, however, comment of a different flavour from the same source, when Great Britain, with perhaps unnecessary precipitancy, entered upon agreements to settle War debts to America. It makes quite a difference, of course, as to who are the beneficiaries of prompt payment!

There was a time when perfidious Albion was represented as all that was wily, cunning and unscrupulous. I remember that post-War peace negotiators were warned that the clever diplomats of England would "put it all over" the more honest but less experienced statesmen from the pure-souled States. Yet at the same time we were told that Englishmen were dull-witted persons, slow in the up-take and quite unfitted for the dominating position held by them in the world.

IT used to be a slogan throughout the United States that "no Englishman need apply" for a job requiring industry and intelligence. It was my habit to retort that the real reason for this slur upon the English-born was the desire to avoid the competition of superior talent. I was laughed to scorn.

But in 1917 the question was settled by the Americans themselves. When the United States entered the War the military authorities put 1,700,000 men through an intelligence test for the purpose of segregating superior capacity from the unteachable man.

Judge, then, of the amazement, the stupefying shock, when it was discovered that the English-born stood head and shoulders above all other races in intelligence! No wonder "no Englishman need apply." Even the Scots took second place and poor Ireland came *ninth*, a few points better than Russian-born. Holland and Canada came third and fourth.

Assuming that these 1,700,000 men be a fair sample of the population, the depressing fact emerged that the average mental age of Americans is about fourteen, and that 45,000,000, or nearly half the citizens, will never develop beyond the mental capacity of a twelve-year-old child. The tests were applied only to foreign-born groups, but they give a good indication of the sort of people the United States is getting by immigration. Great care was taken to eliminate the disturbing influence of environmental factors, like lack of education and ignorance of the English language.

NANNIE CAME, TOO

Miss Gordon, who has been the "nannie" to the Ruthven family for fifty-five years, at the wedding of the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven and Mr. Peter Lewellyn Davies. She is seen with the Countess of Carlisle

Prince Lennart of Sweden and his bride, Miss Karin Nissvandt, leaving Prince's Row Register Office. The Prince was married under his private name of Bernadotte

OF course, I am aware that Englishmen are rare birds. I am one of the few of my acquaintance, and even I am suspicious of my middle name of Graham. Outside the Royal Society of St. George, I scarcely know any Englishmen. Most of us are either Irish or Welsh on mother's or father's side, unless we are half Scotch and half soda by preference, as my friend Pat Murphy used to say.

For some extraordinary reason people are less proud of being Englishmen than boasting Caledonian or Hibernian blood. If an Englishman happens to be born north of the Tweed he becomes a Scot, while a Scot remains of his race if born beneath Bow Bells or on Brighton Beach, in Kalamazoo or in a Kaffir kraal.

The fact that Englishmen, along with owls, asses and oysters, are the most inarticulate things in nature, as someone has said, may account for the Englishman's lack of assertiveness.

BUT permit me to gloat awhile and to refer the challengers of my statement concerning the superiority of the Englishman to that remarkable volume by Professor Lothrop Stoddard, of Massachusetts (*The Revolt against Civilisation*), in which he laments the racial impoverishment which threatens to destroy our civilisation as it did the great civilisations of the past. It is the menace of the Under Man, unable to bear the burden of civilisation, that is the cause of revolutionary unrest. The Englishman bears this burden better than any other race. Was it not of the English that Oliver Goldsmith wrote? :—

"Stern o'er each bosom reason holds its state,
With daring aims, irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by!"

if Gossip

A cheerful study of Renée Ray, who plays a leading rôle in the new talkie "Smiling Along." It is being produced at Tamworth by the Argyle Film Company

A RAY OF BRIGHTNESS

"I once backed a horse, but it was scratched"
"That's nothing. I once backed a greyhound and it stopped to scratch *itself!*"

WITH the Bank Rate down and the pound up, people can go away for their Easter holiday with lighter hearts and heavier pockets. I say "go away" advisedly, since we are solemnly and officially told that it is no longer unpatriotic to cross the Channel. That business of putting a ban on foreign travel and then removing it was one of the few attempts at a joke our mandarins have permitted themselves to make of late. The only thing that kept anyone (below the Truly Eminent, who conscientiously set an Example) from going abroad was the cost of the trip and the adverse exchange, which, after all, is not so very much better to-day. I fear it is not British patriotism that has been keeping Paris empty of visitors, and consequently more pleasantly French than it has been for a quarter of a century. Not much can be said for the plea that if we do not go to France and spend money enjoying ourselves the French will not come here and spend money and enjoy themselves. If a Frenchman spends money he is not enjoying himself—and he does not enjoy himself in England, anyway. That picture of hordes of French people rushing with bulging pockets to London in order to have a joyous time with such delights as the Strand and Piccadilly afford is utterly fantastic.

THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY DANCE

Harriet Hoctor, the former Ziegfeld Follies star. She has danced her way to success in "Bow Bells," the revue now chiming merrily at the London Hippodrome

BUT things are undoubtedly better. Even those who chose to believe that with the fall of the Socialist Government would come the fall of the nation and starvation all round can feel the tonic of the return of signs, at any rate, of prosperity. Food is no dearer. Jobs are more plentiful, though there are plenty of poor devils who cannot get one. New motor cars are chock-a-block on the roads on any fine Sunday. Very rarely does one see anyone shabby. The restaurants are, for the most part, full. So are the theatres, when there is anything worth seeing—and the public will always flock to a good entertainment. The cinemas keep up a profitable level of imbecility. One cannot get a taxi-cab on a wet night. Whisky sells briskly at twelve-and-sixpence a bottle; and it is possible, as well as fashionable, to pay exorbitant income-tax and look cheerful about it.

We must

ART, by which I mean the knack of putting paint on canvas in a way that pleases the connoisseur or the man able to buy, or even both, was doing surprisingly well even through the worst of the slump. Epstein, clever as paint if not clever as a painter, sold three Biblical illustrations like hot cakes (which is what some of them resembled), and most of the minor one-man shows resulted in cheques passing in the right direction. Only music is getting it in the neck, with no opera season, and historic symphony orchestras worried to death about finance. Not for nothing has music been called the "Cinderella of the Arts." A Cinderella without the Prince Charming. Besides, Cinderella did have a crystal slipper. Opera has to be content with the order of the boot.

She: "I believe you would sooner play bridge against Dad than sit in the drawing-room with me."
He: "No, darling, of course I wouldn't. But we must have the money to get married on!"

HELEN GILLILAND

Who plays the name part in "The Merry Widow," which has been enjoying a highly successful tour of the suburbs and the Provinces. The cast includes Carl Brisson and that Al Capone of Gagsters, George Graves, whose impromptus always hit the mark

ANY confirmed pessimist who saw those lads from the London Federation of Boxing Clubs set about each other in scientific style at the Albert Hall the other night must be an equally confirmed optimist by this time. Most of the boys come from the poorest homes in the slums of London. They are at a dangerous and impressionable age. This Federation, which has among its adult workers all sorts of unselfish men who give up hours of their spare time to it, takes hold of them, instils the true ideals of sportsmanship, and gives them an opportunity for developing a sane mind in a clean and healthy body. There is no religious teaching, no political teaching—in fact, no teaching or compulsion at all. I see no point, however, in disguising the fact that here is, as I have said before, the best bulwark against subversive propaganda and all the horrid wiles of the Bolshevist. The public-school spirit comes in for plenty of abuse nowadays—I really don't know why it should, so long as the "pukka sahibs" are not too aggressively "pukka" and the "damn good scouts" not too damn good. But it is better to have the public-school spirit at its worst in these lads than the spirit of the Young Communists' League, and other organisations fostered and financed by Russia.

THE Federation was undertaking some financial risk in giving their

MARION LORNE

As she appears in one of the scenes in "The Gay Adventure," the cast of which includes Seymour Hicks and Nora Swinburne. Written by her husband, Walter Hackett, this entertaining comedy is still filling the Whitehall Theatre

WOMEN AT WIMBLEDON.

Mr. J. S. Olliff, the international lawn tennis player, recently wrote to the "Daily Express" roundly condemning the suggestion that girls should play in "hideous" shorts at Wimbledon.

WHEN last we met, I little guessed
That frame of yours, which though athletic
Tends just a bit to the rotund,
Enclosed so very vast a fund
Of sentiment æsthetic,
That visions of a shorts-clad lassie
Would shake you to your very chassis.

But now you raise the battle-cry
Against those damsels greatly daring
Who yearn to run about the courts
In hideous white tennis shorts
(Instead of meekly wearing
Skirts like the ones we knew Suzanne don),
And revel in their new abandon.

Though other people may admire
The sight of girls who don the "trowsis"
And not object to see bare knees
Displayed by all too sportive shes,
Your solemnest of vows is
To urge the L.T.A. to ban a
Girl who dresses in like manner.

Well, John, I won't take sides—I daren't!
But let me say I think you're plucky
To dash so hard into the fray,
And when in "mixeds" you have to play
I hope that you'll be lucky
And not meet girls who, taste transgressing,
Are "short" in temper—and in dressing!

B. W.

Sasha

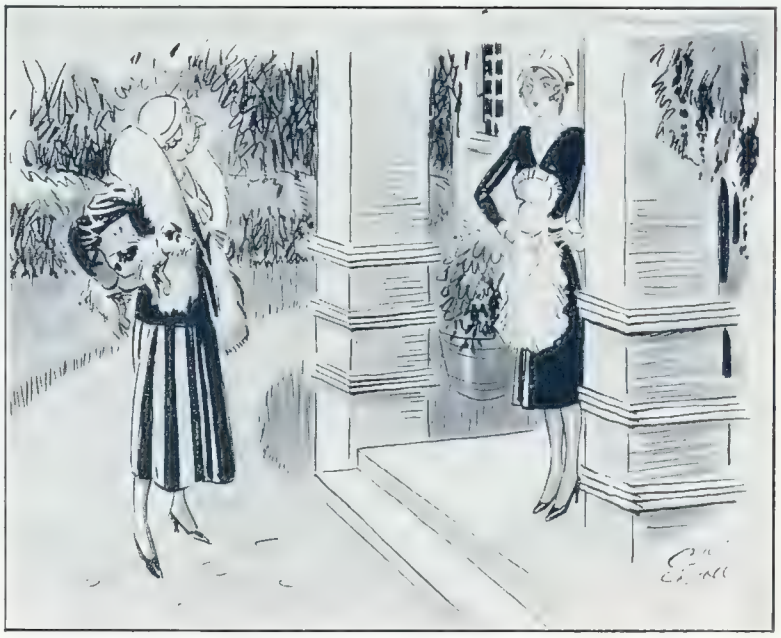
A KNAPP SELECTION

Evelyn Knapp, the star of the new Warner talkie, "High Pressure," wearing the necklace she selected for wearing in the film. It is of seed pearls caught by a crystal bead and shinestone cluster

"Mother advised me to have the word 'obey' left out of our marriage service, but I wouldn't agree."
"That was nice of you, darling."
"I said you could take a joke as well as any man!"

annual show for the first time in the Albert Hall. But the venture has been more than justified, and I trust they will repeat it next year. I found a ring-side seat well worth the eight-and-sixpence I didn't pay for it. The boxing was worth seeing for its own sake, and not merely as an act of charitable patronage—an attitude which these game little bruisers would probably resent—keenly and justly.

THE Prince of Wales, whose hair seems to have grown darker, was obviously in the cheeriest possible mood as he watched the bouts from his chair between Prince Arthur of Connaught and Lord Desborough. Lord Decies was another enthusiast, and I noticed also Mr. E. V. Lucas, in better health than he has been for a long time, Captain Buckmaster, and, of course, Harry Preston.



"You say your mistress is out, but I'm positive I saw her head at the window just now"
"Oh, no, madame. She took her head with her!"

IT was good to see Henri Leoni back on the London stage in *The Cat and the Fiddle* at the Palace—a show I enjoyed vastly. Leoni can sing French songs as well as did the late Maurice Farkoa, with his white lock of hair and his super-elegant manner. He has been doing cabaret work both in Paris and in London, but the stage has missed him, for such ease and charm are very rare, and he strikes a note—in fact, several notes—in a way no Englishman can (and I can hardly be accused of not standing up for our own stage-folk in these days of unemployment and let's-book-a-foreigner at all costs).

It is the province of a

ELSA CARLISLE

The clever young cabaret artist who is adding to her reputation nightly. She is appearing at the May Fair Hotel, where she is immensely popular with the guests

colleague to tell you what *The Cat and the Fiddle* is about, and to pronounce an expert verdict upon it. I can only say that for sheer charm I have rarely found any entertainment to equal it.

IT will be a thousand pities if the octopus-like B.B.C. is allowed to encircle all musical rivals and squeeze the life out of them. The Royal Philharmonic Society—a venerable body which has survived the Napoleonic Wars, the Reform Bill, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the concession of Heligoland, the secession of June, Lady Inverclyde, the Great War, and the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby—is in a bad way. It cannot stand up against subsidised competition.

Not only for sentimental reasons, or because it is old, do I hope that means will be found to enable the "Phil." to survive. Their last concert (not, I trust, their very last) at the Queen's Hall was the occasion for some superb playing by the orchestra, with Sir Henry Wood in charge. That true genius, Rachmaninoff, played his little piece (a very long and difficult piece, for it was his Third Piano Concerto); but he did not say his little piece, for when he was presented with the Society's gold medal he appeared to be struck dumb with embarrassment, and did not speak—not even in Russian.

HERE was splendid music and first-rate orchestral playing. Yet the crowd of musical "fashionables," the listeners of so-called salons, the macaw-voiced women who scream high-brow jargon in sables and in the intervals, were conspicuously absent. When the Berlin Orchestra was playing they swarmed. This was a British orchestra. That is the only reason. And what a silly and a snobbish one!

Mannell

JACK HARRIS

The well-known dance orchestra leader He and his band, who were at the Embassy for so long, are now in action every night at the Café de Paris

ALL his many friends were sorry that, owing to serious illness, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson was unable to be present at the private view at the Leicester Galleries when fifty of his water-colours from Nature were exhibited. In his absence Mrs. Nevinson received the guests, and I was glad to hear that her husband is now well on the road to recovery. His pictures are notable for their wide range of subject, and are doubly interesting on that account.

Miss Elizabeth Allen the stage and screen star, with Mr. W. J. O'Bryen, her business manager, to whom she has become engaged. They are seen at the Cocktail Party and Fashion Parade given recently by Mrs. Madge Le Gros and Mrs. Miller

THE CULT OF THE COCKTAIL *Sasha*

More guests at the Cocktail Party and Fashion Parade given by Mrs. Madge Le Gros and Mrs. Miller at 60 South Molton Street. Seen above are Mr. Nick Prinsep and his wife, Miss Anita Elson, Mr. Eddie Tatham and Mrs. Claude Grahame-White, who was so well known on the stage as Miss Ethel Levey

Bertram Park

THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON

TWO STUDIES OF A BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY HOSTESS

The Countess of Harrington, who is equally popular in Society and the hunting field. The widow of the tenth Earl of Harrington, who died in 1929, she is the Master of the Earl of Harrington's hounds, which hunt the Derbyshire side of the South Notts country twice a week, the country in question having been loaned to her by the South Notts Hunt Committee. The family seats are at Elvaston Castle, near Derby, Breadsall Lodge, Derby, and Gawsworth Hall, Macclesfield

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

By Vernon Woodhouse

I MUST candidly confess that were I subjected to a cross-examination upon Biblical history I should cut a very poor figure, even though I once stumped a man who prided himself on his Biblical lore by asking him how many chapters there are in the book of Hezekia. He admitted his ignorance and I triumphantly retorted that there was no such book!

BUT though, as I say, Biblical knowledge is not my strong suit, I did know of the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha. What I did not know was that it was possible to turn it into a play until Mr. James Bridie proved it at the Westminster Theatre when his *Tobias and the Angel* was successfully produced. This play, following *The Anatomist*, reveals that in him we have a dramatist who counts.

MANY Biblical stories are a sort of parable, and unless the definition of a parable is that it is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning, as a small child suggested, there must be a moral to *Tobias and the Angel* kicking around somewhere. In this case I think the lesson we learn, oh, my friends, from this is that it is better to lend than to owe, even though it may take many years before the bread that is thrown upon the waters is returned in the form of plum cake.

THE play starts off with Tobit, blind, old, and poor, but bearing up wonderfully despite the fact that he is no longer a super-tax payer but almost on the dole. His wife, Anna, is more inclined to grumble, and their

SKETCHES OF "TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL," AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

son, Tobias, who might have been expected to help, has neither the brains nor the guts to find a decent job. Things are indeed desperate when, lo and behold—I must get an archaic touch somewhere—the Archangel Gabriel in the form of a porter bearing anonymous gifts enters the hovel where the family live. As this part is played by Henry Ainley, Tobias ought to have guessed that the visitor was a person of some importance, but you must remember that Tobit was blind, so his ignorance is excusable.

IN desperation Tobit spends his last savings in engaging the archangel at a drachma a day, "all found," to accompany his son, as well as a most intelligent dog—the first of the Tobys, doubtless—to seek out Raquel, a rich Jew of Ecbatana, to whom Tobit had lent, in his years of prosperity, a packet of money which had never been returned, and then off we go on the journey.

DURING that journey under Gabriel's able tuition Tobias becomes much more of a man. With a little coaching he disposes of a bandit and deals with despatch with an enormous fish neatly landed on the banks of the "bonny, bonny Tigris," which appeared far more fearsome even than a giant conger on board a small boat.

THE journey ends in lovers' meetings when Tobias arrives, complete with archangel, at Raquel's house, for Raquel possesses in Sara a lovely daughter. Tobias, though shy, falls for her, and she for him, but even here there are some difficulties, for Sara, though young in years is old in matrimony as she has been married seven times before, and each and every bridegroom has died on his wedding night. With an assurance that verges on the reckless, Tobias becomes bridegroom number eight, and what father-in-law fears may be judged by the fact that off he goes with a nice sharp spade to dig another deep, deep grave in the Ecbatana back-yard.

BUT, thanks to the archangel, who knows how to deal with demons responsible for the death of bridegrooms, nothing untoward happens this time, and Tobias returns accom-

Tobit (Morland Graham), a blind Jew, Anna (Selma vaz Dias), his wife, and Tobias (Frederick Piper), their uncouth son, as well as the dog, played by an unknown, to whom our artist has hardly done justice, are amazed at the apparition of someone they believe to be a porter, but who is really the Archangel Gabriel (Henry Ainley). As he arrived bearing a good, square meal, greatly needed by the family, his coming was welcomed and he was asked to accompany the son on a journey to secure the repayment of a debt from a now wealthy merchant

Tobias (Frederick Piper), seen centre, promises to marry the daughter of the now wealthy debtor mentioned on the previous page, and the lady of his choice, Sara (Hermione Baddeley), will brook no denial even though she has had seven husbands previously, who all died on their wedding night. On the left is Raquel (Harold Meade), Tobias's future father-in-law, complete with spade used for digging a nice new grave just in case number eight also dies suddenly

panied by a richly dowered bride plus archangel—to say nothing of the dog—to the home of his parents, where, thanks to some magical properties retrieved from the innards of the fearsome fish, Tobit's sight is restored to him, and Gabriel, conscious of good deeds done, reveals his identity and departs, leaving those he has benefited in a state of—as Sir James Barrie would say—rosy rapture.

Now, because I have not solemnly recounted the story, please do not think that I have any ulterior motive, for in the telling of it the dramatist, Mr. James Bridie, has also been singularly light-hearted. *Tobias and the Angel* is a play to see, a play to enjoy, and a play which makes you laugh whole-heartedly. It is quite out of the usual rut, and all the better for that. Sometimes it is broadly funny, more frequently amusing in a subtle way, and it is imbued throughout with a form of humour which, were it not dealing with Jewish characters strict in their faith, I should describe as pawky!

And if you go to the Westminster, as I hope you will, you will find not only a play worth seeing, but some uncommonly good acting. Parts which give the cast a chance always inspire the players, and here plenty of straw has been provided to make the bricks with which the edifice of enjoyment is built. Morland Graham, for instance, as Tobit, is not only a humorous but a pathetic figure of adversity. He suggests perfectly the goodness of heart and hopefulness which underlies the character. Selma vaz Dias also gives a beautiful sketch as his wife in a smaller part, while just the right uncouth touch is imparted by Frederick Piper to their son Tobias, who becomes less uncouth owing to the archangel's bear-leading.

The only performance which was somewhat out of key was that of Hermione Baddeley, who, so far from suggesting, to my mind, an unlucky bride of the seventh century B.C., rather indicated a modern kitchen-maid too disposed to take lightly the premature decease of young men with whom she was walking out.

But no charge of modernism could be laid to the door of Henry Ainley, who makes a most impressive figure of the Archangel Gabriel, a figure which is all the better for occasional touches of humour. His dignity, authority, and resonant voice have never been seen and heard to greater advantage in a play when the production is beautifully simple and simply beautiful. V. W.

A QUAINT CURE FOR BLINDNESS

During his pilgrimage Tobias (Frederick Piper), centre, caught a fish on the banks of the Tigris and is seen here applying a portion of its interior to the eyes of his father, Tobit (Morland Graham), which miraculously restores his sight, but it is possible that the cure was really effected by the Archangel Gabriel (Henry Ainley), on the left, who at this late stage reveals his true identity and indicates that the family have been entertaining an angel unawares

THE BALLET SHOE

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED "IT"?—H

NEDRA NORRIS

A newcomer to the screen who, as her compatriots would say, is certainly "easy to look at." She makes her talkie début in a comedy in which she plays opposite to Slim Summerville, a comedian with a distinctly lugubrious countenance allied to a clever personality

IRENE DUNN

A film star who has proved to producers and film public : th quality called "It," and is thus in the fortunate positio office draw. She is under contrac

HOLLYWOOD ANSWERS THE QUESTION!

that she is blessed with that undefinable commanding *a big salary as a box-*
Radio Pictures

LUPE VELEZ

The Mexican-born star who specialises in rôles portraying dusky maidens, who, whatever they may lack in sophistication, is more than atoned for by their capacity for whole-hearted affection. She is one of the stars of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer constellation

E. O. Hoppé

MOONLIGHT FANTASY

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MY SISTER'S *LIKE* THAT!

by Christine Jope-Slade

WHEN Carol was still in the pink, wrinkled, puppy stage, uncles poked their fat fingers in her dimple, and said, "Oh, you rogue, you!"

When she went to her Kindergarten the class mistresses said, indulgently, "She's a pickle, Mrs. Balmers!"

When she went to her high school they said, "Brilliant, but not amenable to discipline."

She came out of her Secretarial Training College with the highest shorthand speed record of her year and a Society of Arts medallist.

She remained a rogue, a pickle, and not amenable to discipline.

Carol does the craziest things. Plays the craziest practical jokes and gets away with them.

She is liable to turn a Sunday afternoon walk into a harlequinade.

I have known her give a vicarage tea-party a Noel Coward atmosphere.

She is devastating and bizarre and piquante. That is our Carol.

Well, everything was so shockingly bad in the city this year that we went to quite a cheap boarding-house in a well-known seaside resort. It was nothing like the posters, believe me!

The boarding-house was grim. The people in it were grimmer. It didn't rain. It poured!

The poster gleamed with the most engaging golden sands. They were pebbles.

Altogether, it was a pain in the neck.

It had a picture house capable of giving you eye-strain, spinal curvature, and noises in the ear all at the same time. It had a remarkably fine theatre, completely empty except for mice and draughts.

Imagine, conceive, visualise our frantic excitement, our pathetic joy, when we found on the wettest day of the year, except the whole fortnight, that a "try-out" was scheduled for the next week.

"London actors, my dear. Real scenery."

Mind you, we had had a look at the scenery they had got at that theatre, and what mice can do when they have a fancy for broderie anglaise is just anybody's business! They'd put in some natty work among the sea and rocks, and interiors of mediæval castles.

Adeline Norris was in the cast, and Percy O'Farrell, and Doreen Duveen.

"We'll go every night," said Carol at breakfast, "and then the last night of all we will get up and play the whole play in the stalls for them, word perfect. You shall be the embittered lover."

"It's the egg," I said hastily.

"They're not eggs," said Carol; "they're some strange sea fruit that have ripened slowly."

The food of the boarding-house was really disgusting!

Well, we were at the station to meet the outfit. There were the players, looking too dejected and destroyed for words. We knew they were staying at the Sea View Hotel.

We went and had tea there and had a look at the register. There were their magic names.

"We *are* seeing life!" said Carol.

We went out again, after the kind of tea a bereaved humming bird might have served his mother-in-law. I remember we bought some colossal great sweets on the front and tried to stave off the pains of hunger that way.

Suddenly, marching down the esplanade towards us was, we saw, the principal man.

CAROL removed the large bulge from her mouth, wrapped it in her handkerchief, and, without warning me, went forward with the most ravishing smile I have ever seen fastened on anyone's face.

She said:

"Who would have thought it! How too, too marvellous! Oh, how too, too divine!"

The wind goes all wanton and elfish with Carol.

It goes at me like a charwoman with a mop.

Tendrils of yellowy hair spiralled from under Carol's red tam-o'-shanter. Her face was rosy and vivacious.

"How nice to see you," said Percy O'Farrell.

"What fun we had in *Circus Days*," burbled Carol. "Oh, and, darling, do you remember Birmingham?"

"It is seared into my memory," said O'Farrell; "but what I really remember about it is *you*."

"And how I rubbed your chest with camphorated oil in those horrible lodgings," said Carol.

"You probably saved my life," said O'Farrell.

And he looked at her as if she had just dragged him out of the sea.

"And Wigan!" said Carol, positively moaning at the bar.

"Wigan!" echoed O'Farrell.

"Do you remember that funny little dancer?" said Carol.

"Wasn't she quaint?" said O'Farrell.

There they stood and burbled away with Carol holding on to his hand and jumping in and out of his eyes.

It was too shame-making for words. Carol had never met him in her life! My Sister's *like* that.

"Oh, what fun to meet you here," said O'Farrell, "in this horrible hole. Are you in anything now?"

"My dear," said Carol, "I've been resting so long it's almost become a habit."

"Too bad!" said O'Farrell. "Do you still sing?"

Now Carol sings like a canary being carried away in the cat's mouth. It is a revolting noise. She can give people in church the palsy three pews down, she is so out of tune.

"You must come and dine with us all to-night," said O'Farrell; "after the show. Of course, you are coming?"

Of course we were going. Wasn't it the one high spot in our dreary lives!

"I'd love to," said Carol, "and may I bring my sister?"

"Sure," said O'Farrell. "It'll be marvellous. Of course, this'll go to the West End. It's a great little show."

After he had left us, after calling Carol "Dear Heart" and "Little Lady" and "My Sweet," and running all through the actor's daily rosary, I clutched Carol and said weakly:

"Me legs is tissue paper and very cross veins."

"Jack 'em up," said Carol; "we are going through with this."

I DO not wish to be disrespectful about the Sea View Hotel, but of everything, from the cruet to the chandelier, the late Queen Victoria would have said, "Very neat and natty, I'm sure."

We had a good old English dinner. That is, most of it was old, and most of it was English—if you didn't include the meat.

The company were all very excited and gay.

Several of them seemed to remember Carol. From what I could make out from her conversation, Carol seemed to have been in as many shows as the oldest fairy queen. The way she skated over thin ice was just too marvellous for words.

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

"He doesn't want a cocktail, he wants chloroform"

I was, quite frankly, terrified. They really were rather sweet and matey, and had such awfully nice manners.

It had been a simply shocking show. I mean you couldn't possibly believe that anybody in the whole world could have written anything so mawkish. It didn't click anywhere.

Then I heard that Percy O'Farrell was getting a hundred a week, and the leading lady was getting a hundred, and nobody was getting less than fifteen. And I nearly passed out. Oh, it was a gay, gorgeous and giddy affair.

Then O'Farrell said to Carol: "Now, little lady, I want you to meet the author and tell him what you think of the show. Has anybody got a cocktail for him?"

"He doesn't want a cocktail, he wants chloroform," said Carol.

O'Farrell looked most distressed. He turned and shushed her, all the rest of the company shushed her, and in the middle of all this shushing an awfully nice, dark young man, with a sort of eager face, walked in.

All the company got up and cooed over him like a lot of maiden aunts over a new baby.

It was too sick-making for words.

And there he stood, looking shy and proud and rather hot, and saying over and over again, like a schoolboy, "Do you think it went well? Do you really think it went well? Do you think they liked it?"

And there they were telling him how the house had eaten it, and how brilliant it was, and how the lines went over, and there was such a palaver as never was.

And then somebody came out of the universal swoon and introduced him to my sister Carol.

He said: "What did you think of the show?"

And she said: "Rotten!"

He said: "You don't think it's any good?"

Carol said firmly: "I think it's *no* good."

And the whole company broke over him with a pretty foam of words, and I heard O'Farrell say to Carol furiously: "For goodness' sake be quiet! He's lousy with money, and this is his first show. He's put up the whole bag of tricks. Don't you know who he is? He's Crafton of Crafton's sardines."

"What he wants is a tin-opener," said Carol.

Well, you know what this year's been. One long soak. It went on raining; and so, of course, they played to packed houses every night! Hundreds of people went twice. It was better to do that than see that awful film round the corner, or stay and quarrel in your lodgings over family Bridge.

Maybe some of them began to see merit in the play, like you try and do with people you *have* to live with.

Anyway, the box-office receipts were marvellous, and they kept telling that poor, charming boy that all the time, and Carol kept telling him just where he got off.

She said: "You may send sardines quite round the world, my dear, but you won't make that play last a week in London."

That play was his magnum opus, or whatever you call the thing that people only try once and then give up the ghost.

The rest of the cast could have murdered Carol. I wonder they didn't serve her arsenic every meal we ate at their expense. But she never wavered.

She said: "It's bilge! Why don't you go back to business? You understand that."

O'Farrell and the leading lady, and all the rest of them, kept kidding him that it took time for a play to catch on.

"You ought to *get* time for stuffing him!" said Carol.

She got fearfully antagonistic and really terribly rude. She kept telling him not to be a fool and take the thing to London. That it would be a frightful flop and very humiliating, and it was an awful pity to make a mistake when you were so terribly clever in all other directions.

And the company kept telling him that it was a great play and he's only got to hang on and Noel Coward and Frederick Lonsdale would just have to take to wool pictures in the crowded thoroughfares.

The comic part of it was that, although he didn't believe her, she seemed to have an unholy fascination for him, and he kept coming back for more Jonah talk. He throve on it in a sort of brilliant misery. And Carol served it hot every time.

I began to get an inkling of what really lay at the back of it when, towards the end of their short season in the local theatre, Carol began to cry in bed every night.

"It is such a shame! He is so nice, and all those people feeding him all that rubbish just to get their tremendous salaries for as long as they can. It is a shame. Don't be ridiculous! Of course, it can't go. It is half-baked. But *he* isn't. That's what is so despairful. He is such a lamb, and he so clever in other ways if only he hadn't got this play-writing bee in his bonnet. He is going to have a shock when it comes to London and all the critics get busy chawing it up. He is going to have such an awful time, and it is such a shame! They haven't any morals, or conscience, or decency, or anything. They are just a crowd of blood-suckers. Did you know they are not even paying for their own lodgings down here? He is paying every single thing. And the moment they get to town all those women are going to get new clothes out of him from the most expensive people. Oh, it makes me boil!"

"I can hear you," I said.

(*Continued on page* ii)

NORA SWINBURNE
Who plays a leading part in the new British Lion—Gainsborough Talkie "Whiteface," founded on the Edgar Wallace play "Persons Unknown," now being made at Beaconsfield. Most of the action of the film takes place in the East End of London and a special street, three hundred feet long, has been built for the filming of these scenes.

NORA SWINBURNE

Round the Town

By Jane Gordon

A SAVOY CHAPEL WEDDING

Mr. C. T. Hughes, the younger son of Sir Thomas and Lady Hughes, and his bride, Mrs. Lemiere, leaving the Savoy Chapel. The latter is the daughter of Lady Hammond Graeme and the stepdaughter of Sir George Hammond Graeme, Bart.

A Frenchwoman who is over here on a visit was telling me the other day how shocked she was by the amount of coloured dresses and printed materials that we wear in the evening. As far as printed materials go, I quite agree with her. In fact, I think there should be a law forbidding Englishwomen to wear flowered chiffons or printed crêpes. I think, however, it is a great mistake to veto coloured evening dresses. Black and white may be smarter than anything else, but they are not very exciting. And besides, you have to have a lovely complexion to look your best in either of them.

It is a joy to see Miss Margaret Whigham back in London again. She was out dancing the other evening in a white chiffon dress with a little gold coatee. She was wearing a cabouchant sapphire ring, but she tells me that a diamond one will shortly take its place. Lady Plunket is another pretty woman who has just returned from abroad looking very sunburnt. She was having supper a night or two ago in a silver sequin evening dress with a deep hem of net.

There has been a most fascinating exhibition of jade at Cartier's. One necklace they showed is of jade beads that look like round emeralds. It has a pear-shaped pearl clasp, and costs the trifling sum of £5,000. They are also showing some fascinating pendant watches. One, of lapis, with a diamond loop, a flat plaque of jade, and an edge of pale blue enamel with a gold key pattern on it, was charming and quite inexpensive. There was another with a great deal more diamonds. Curiously enough, there were no jade rings at all—only necklaces and pendants. One of the best collections of jade in London is owned by Sir John Buchanan-Jardine. This collection consists of statuettes and bowls rather than of jewellery.

The most amusing piece of jewellery I have seen recently is a bag that Mrs. Robert Henry was carrying the other day at luncheon at Malmaison. It is a very good-looking black suède bag, and the clasp is a diamond watch rather in the shape of the diamond clips. She has just been on a cruise to the West Indies, and was telling me that the best clothes to take on these cruises are white or light-coloured woollen skirts, with any number of little fancy knitted jumpers. You must then have dozens of crêpe de Chine scarves in various colours, and you choose two or three of these, twist them together, and wear them with your jumper and skirt. In this way you can have any number of colour mixtures. The scarves can also be worn with pyjamas as well as with skirts and jumpers or washing crêpe dresses.

There was an interesting party at Quaglino's the other evening. Lady Carlisle was there, wearing a black dress with white beaded shoulder straps and a plaque of white beads on the front of her bodice, and both her twin sisters were dressed in dark bottle-green with enormous silver bracelets. That was an evening when velvet seemed to be popular. Lady Blandford was dancing in a black velvet dress with a rope of blue beads round the waist, and Miss Babe Youngman was also wearing a perfectly plain black velvet frock, which suited her very well.

A new film star is looming over the horizon. She is being trained by Gainsborough, and her name is Greta Hasen. Her father was Swedish, her mother Polish, and she was born in Dublin. She has the face of Greta Garbo, but not quite such a good figure as has the famous Scandinavian film star. George Nicholson, who is one of our best English designers, is creating clothes for her, and it will be interesting to see what he can make out of her.

Molyneux is well and truly settled in London now—dove-grey walls, dove-grey carpets, dove-grey saleswomen and all, and his collection is typically Molyneux. Beautifully tailored day clothes, mostly of navy blue, black and beige colours, are to be seen. His coats are three-quarter length or hip length, and they button to make them grip tightly round the hips, the three-quarter length coats hanging absolutely straight and loose. His evening dresses are quite lovely, and as beautifully tailored as his day clothes. To my mind, though, he makes a mistake of having only one theme for his evening dresses, which is quite truly varied, but makes them all look more or less the same.

It was really remarkable the interest shown in Prince Lennart of Sweden's wedding at the Princes Row Register Office. The crowds who struggled for a glimpse of the couple were quite enormous.

IN INDIA

A photograph taken after the wedding at St. George's Cathedral, Madras, of Capt. Sir Charles Buchanan, Bart., Highland Light Infantry, and Miss Barbara Stanley, the only child of Sir George Frederick Stanley, the Governor of Madras, and of Lady Stanley. On the right is seen her uncle, the Earl of Derby

A Portfolio of FASHION

Compiled weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Yevonde

MRS. Ronald Balfour, who was before her marriage Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, is famed for her unusual beauty, which is just as it should be, for she is the niece of Lady Diana Cooper and comes of a race of beautiful women. Here she is seen wearing a smart navy blue Bruyère gown from H. J. Nicoll which has a clever diagonal cut fastened with buttons and a short scarf of a novel knitted material dotted with white spots. Below on the left is shown a portrait of her favourite companion, Becky

Studio Sun

White Tulle for a Bride— and a Necklace of Orange Blossoms

A GOWN composed solely of white tulle frills, and a train of the same filmy material has been designed by Gooch's for the spring bride. The bodice is tight fitting but the sleeves are full and around the neck and wrists are garlands of tiny orange blossoms.

For the Bottom Drawer

THE kneeling figure is wearing a charming garment which combines the practical qualities of pyjamas with the grace of a nightgown and is in effect called a "nightiejama." It is made of pink satin and lace and costs 69/6, and the little coat to match it which the lady is putting into her bottom drawer costs 45/-. At the top of the page is an attractive pair of pink satin drawers deeply incrusted with cream lace which button on either side and cost 39/6. From Harvey Nichols

A back and front view is shown of the Kestos Décollette which is little more than miraculous, for it manages to give a smooth outline to the figure with the minimum of material and bulk. It costs from 29/11. The nightgown with the puffed sleeves is made of pink georgette embroidered with tiny rosebuds and is priced at 5⅓ guineas. The cami-knickers at the bottom of the page are carried out in pink satin, 5⅓ guineas. From Harvey Nichols

The Long and of the

Some characteristic is being worn and who is

Tiny shoulder capes which barely reach the waist are correct for summer evening wear and are to be seen in a variety of different materials. Here a Patou model is made of dark claret colour velvet

Studio Sun

Miss Iris Ashley, who recently delighted all those who sup at Malmaison by her singing and her infectious gaiety, has turned her back in the accompanying photograph in order to show the original cut of her white satin Patou gown, which comes from Albert and Johnson It has an asymmetrical décolletage and an odd little bib at the back which turns into a one-sided revers in front.

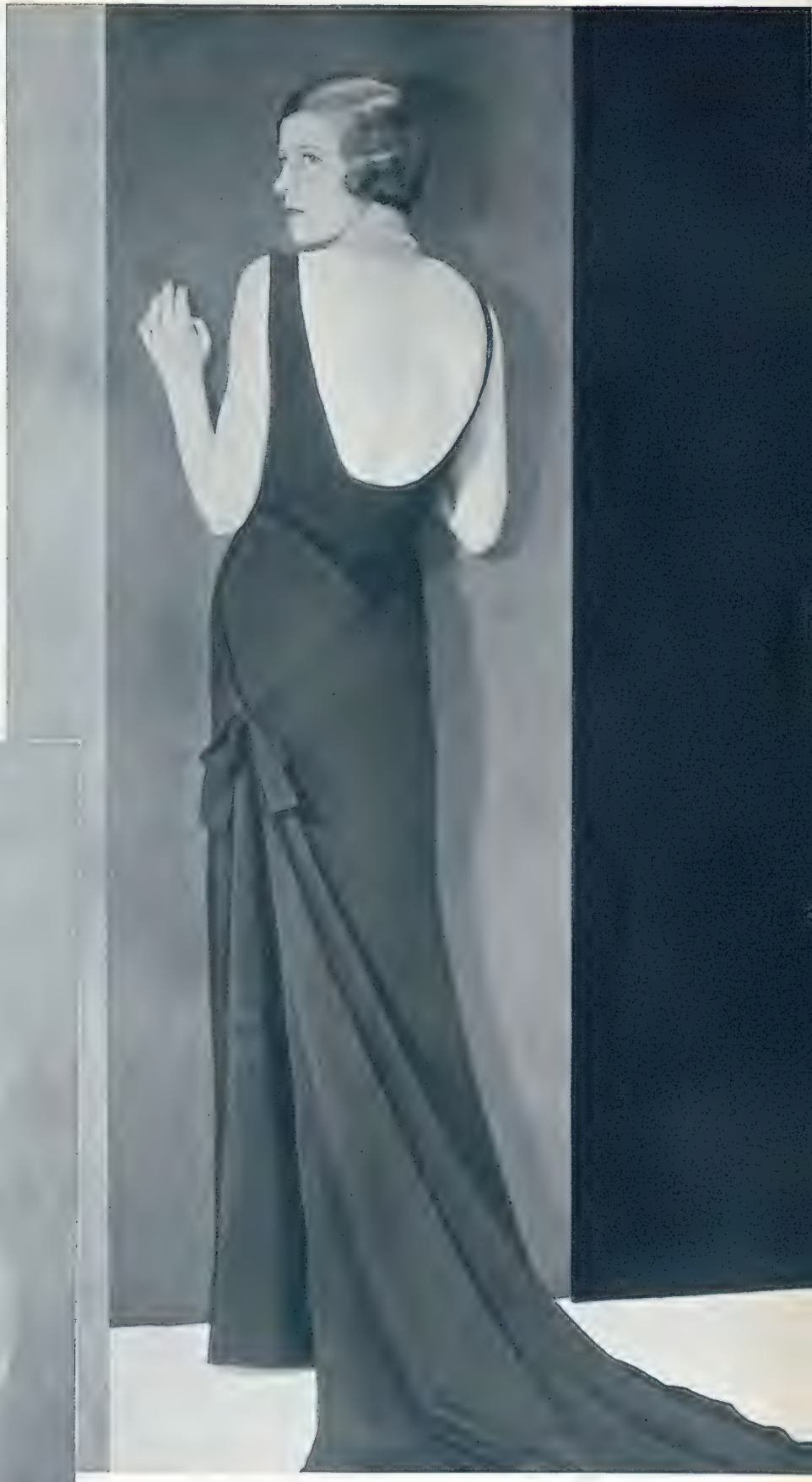
Horst
Paris

the Short Evening Mode

examples of what at the moment wearing it

This attractive little wrap of aquarmarine blue satin from Gooch's, which has a short cape edged with grey fox, has been chosen by Miss Iris Ashley and makes a charming foil to her red-gold hair.

Studio Sun



Stevens Rockwell

The Honourable Mrs. Richard Norton is shown above wearing a formal evening gown from Schiaparelli. It is made of a thick black crinkly crêpe and is cut in a most original manner. The décolletage is moderately high in the front, and the diagonal lines of the skirt, which are caught with a bow on one hip, end in a long train which can be draped around the figure when one is dancing

A PICTORIAL DOUBLE FROM FILMLAND

American Humour and English Tragedy in the New Talkies

Janet Gaynor and El Brendel in a musical number "Katinkitschka" from the new musical romance "Delicious," which was recently presented at the Tivoli. George Gershwin, the composer of the "Rhapsody in Blue," was responsible for the music of this American talkie

Stewart Rome and Mary Newcomb as old but strictly platonic and above-board lovers in a scene from "The Marriage Bond." This British talkie was made at Twickenham

Charles Farrell, who plays lead with Janet Gaynor in "Delicious." This Fox picture contains enough "pretty" love interest to satisfy even the most exacting "fan"

Above: Toby Heron (Guy Newall), the hard-drinking head of a respectable county family, seeks consolation from the barmaid (Florence Desmond) of the local caravanserai in a scene from "The Marriage Bond"

Left: Another scene from "The Marriage Bond." Jacqueline Logan (Mary Newcomb) on right, upbraids her children (Lewis Shaw and Ann Casson) for their selfishness. Her daughter's future husband, Alfred Dreisler (Denys Blakelock), is seen in the centre

To-day . . .

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF TROPHY

LADIES AND PROFESSIONALS AT ADDINGTON PALACE

By "ONLOOKER"

ROLL up, ladies and gentlemen; the fun of the fair is beginning. Never mind income tax, reparations, disarmament, the 1932 golf season is just about to make a start, and all the Jeremiahs who said that nobody would have any money for a game stand confounded and confused. There was such a record entry for THE BYSTANDER Trophy this year that the list had to be declared closed before the original date had arrived.

ROLL up in good time, by a good route, this very Wednesday as ever is, March 23. If you are a foolish driver you will find yourself following tramlines; if you are one of the knowing ones you can go from Westminster to Addington Palace on the comparatively open road, no more than fifteen miles of it, and at the end of those fifteen you will find yourself in one of the most enchanting spots to be discovered this many a long day, whether fifteen or fifty miles from Town, and one of the most entertaining competitions of the year in full swing.

IT is, in fact, entertaining, even before play starts, to glance down the list and wonder why everybody has chosen everybody else as their partners. Or, to be exact, why the eighty clubs have chosen just those particular ladies from amongst their members, because, naturally, in the matter of pros. few clubs in these days have more than one of that valuable species, and, if they have, can hardly spare them both from active service on their home front. Granted, then, that each club must send its own pro., by what method have some of the ladies been chosen? What are the qualifications of . . . ? But this is surely indiscreet. The longer the handicap, the more sensitive the possessor thereof. How shall a mere onlooker dare to suggest that such and such a lady will assuredly die of fright lest she destroy the chances of her illustrious pro. — presuming always that he himself does not perish in the attempt to perform such prodigies of valour as never mortal man compassed and lived to tell the tale.

Sasha

LADY (HAMILTON) GRANT

Who will present the prizes to the winners at Addington Palace to-day

Miss Pauline Doran, of Addington Palace, who will be partnered by Fred Robson, and Miss Dorrit Wilkins (Chigwell), who plays with Bert Hodson

DOES the pro., if truth be told, prefer to have a long handicap lady, so that she, not he, may be held responsible for disaster? Perish the thought. The British golfing pro. is a gallant gentleman, perfectly ready to take all the blame if things go wrong, and to give every credit to his fair partner if they go right. What he really thinks about it the world at large never knows; perhaps such as come down to Addington Palace to watch may guess. What, in return, does the lady say of her pro.? Does she expect him never to make one mistake; to return her not merely to the fairway but the immediate neighbourhood of the hole after she has plunged him into the depths of the primæval forest; to give her a chance of getting down in one putt at every hole; to run down the next one however often she fails to put him dead? I wonder.

LAST YEAR'S WINNERS

Mrs. Hutton and W. Cox, of Beaconsfield, with the trophy and cups they won last year They returned a net score of 159

ONE thing is certain, the better the golfer the more ready he, or she, is to make excuses for the partner, not for him or herself. I have an inward conviction that Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Jean Hamilton, Mrs. Alec Gold, Miss Sylvia Bailey, Miss Diana Plumpton, Miss Pauline Doran, Miss Dorrit Wilkins, Miss Marjorie White, Mrs. Peal, and Miss Oswald will be quite ready to own up to their own crimes as the wreckers of their side, if wrecked they should chance to be, as surely as Alec Herd, Harry Vardon, Ted Ray, Abe Mitchell, George Gadd, Robson, Cotton, Bert Hodson, Padgham, Perry, Compston, Jolly, E. R. Whitcombe, Arthur Havers, J. H. Taylor, and all the rest of the pros. will say that they were the chief perpetrators of crime, if crime is committed.

NOW prophecy is a rash game; in a handicap event it is utterly foolish. Some of those aforesaid long handicap ladies may be so entirely good value for their strokes that none of the more ostensibly brilliant pairs have a look-in. So there are no tips to be had from this onlooker as to possible winners. But if the fun of the fair—meaning the middle of the fairway, the heart of the green and the back of the hole—is where the gallery likes to see its heroes and heroines, then I would suggest that some of these partnerships would be worth watching.

(Continued on page 561)

SOME HUNTING AND RACING FOLK

AT SANDOWN PARK

The Hon. Bruce and Mrs. Ogilvy in the paddock at Sandown Park, where the Grand Military Meeting proved as popular as ever this year

LADY AINSWORTH

At the United Hunts' Point-to-Point near Cork. Her husband, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, is Master of the Tipperary

IN THE PADDOCK

Sir Edward Worthington, Lady Moira Combe, and Lieut.-Colonel Henry Combe at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park

A POINT-TO-POINT TRIO

Miss Jean Scott, Lady Rachael Douglas-Home, and Lady Sylvia Maitland at the North Northumberland Hunt's Point-to-Point at East Learmouth

LADY MARY GROSVENOR

Above: The Duke of Westminster's younger daughter, Lady Mary Grosvenor, up on Second Story at the Weston Harriers' Point-to-Point. It was held at Banwell, near Weston-super-Mare

THE MASTER'S PRIZE

Right: Miss Annette Usher, the Master of the North Northumberland, presents a cup to herself at the Hunt's Point-to-Point after winning the Hunt Members', Farmers', and Subscribers' Lightweight race. The meeting was held at East Learmouth

AT A MEET OF THE QUORN

The Countess of Carnarvon (left) and Mrs. Colin Buist chatting with Lady Eileen Clarke, seen at the wheel of her car, at a meet at Ashby Folville

Howard MARSHALL on RUGGER

How the Clubs have Fared this Season

IT is possible to have too much Big Football, and we have had rather an overdose of it this season. First, there was the Springbok pilgrimage, which lured the confirmed spectator on fantastic journeys week after week until the end of January, and then came International matches and the Services tournament and county championship games

I SUPPOSE it should all have been very exhilarating, and so some of it was, but there are times when the solemnity of these big occasions is depressing, times when the most rabid enthusiast longs for an unpretentious club game on an unpretentious club ground.

THERE is nothing remarkable in that, for most of us, I think, are happiest on the touchline at the Old Deer Park, let us say, or at the Richmond Athletic Ground, where the game has a reality which is lost among the towering stands at Twickenham. I can put up with an International match at Twickenham when those stands are packed, though even then I feel that spectators in the upper tiers might just as well be watching football through the wrong end of a telescope. An International match is bearable, but a club game there—any game, for that matter, which does not draw a huge crowd—is a miserable affair, shorn of its easy-going friendliness.

SOMETIMES I wonder whether Rugby football is not in danger of losing this friendliness altogether. We are inclined to make too much of the big occasions, to regard club football merely as a stepping stone to more important encounters. Actually, there is nothing more important than club football, a platitude which deserves constant repetition, and it is something of a relief to turn to the doings of the clubs during this unduly disturbed season.

THE first thing that strikes us is that very few clubs have been consistently successful. The Wasps, it is true, have forged steadily ahead, and their record is most encouraging to those who value the club spirit. They have no outstanding players, but under the able captaincy of R. M. Swyer they have so developed their team work that they are a most formidable side. This year they have beaten the London Scottish, and next season their fixture list will be considerably and deservedly strengthened.

C. D. AARVOLD
Of Blackheath, who skippers England

D. J. MACMYN
London Scottish and Scotland. He is retiring at the end of the season

C. C. McCREIGHT
He plays scrum-half for the Harlequins and the Army

P. T. COOPER
The Cambridge Blue who turns out for Rosslyn Park

A SHOT AT GOAL
Paul Murray (Ireland) attempting to convert the try scored by S. L. Waide in the recent International against Wales at Cardiff. Ireland won a keen game by 12 points to 10

TEAM-WORK—this is the secret of it all, and although, while we admire the Wasps' record, we must remember that they do not regularly have to meet first-class opponents, it is none the less true that other London clubs would do better if they could put the same side into the field from week to week.

BLACKHEATH, for example, have more illustrious players at their disposal than any club in the country. To take a few names at random, they have been represented this winter by C. D. Aarvold, J. A. Tallent, R. W. Smeddle, E. B. Pope, F. W. Simpson, B. H. Black, W. E. Pratten, T. W. Gubb, M. S. Bonaventura, A. Cridlan, E. H. Phillips, W. T. Anderson, and A. F. Hamilton-Smythe, and yet their record is very patchy. They started the season well, but with them, as with others, it was a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. Too many changes, that is to say, weakened their team-work, and they have been decidedly inconsistent.

IT has been the same with the Harlequins, though they may record with satisfaction two victories over Blackheath. In a way the Harlequins have been unfortunate, for injuries have hit them hard. They lost two of their most useful players through accidents—young D. R. Bader, that promising Air Force centre, and C. C. McCreight, the Army scrum-half. As a matter of fact, both these players would probably have dropped out of the side before Christmas in preparation for the Services tournament, and here it may be as well to mention the Aldershot Services team, which has been resuscitated this season as a forcing ground for the representative Army side.

THERE has been a certain amount of discussion about this experiment, but I hope it will succeed, partly because it should help to popularise Rugby football in the Army, and partly because it is better for London Clubs that Services players should have their own team. As it is now, they play for Richmond or the Harlequins for a couple of months, and then have to leave their club in the lurch while they take part in the Services tournament.

RICHMOND, incidentally, have been even more inconsistent than Blackheath or the Harlequins, but it is satisfactory to note that since Christmas they have shown signs of returning to their old form. They had a fine run of victories, beating Leicester, the Harlequins, and Oxford in succession, and this improvement was largely due, I think, to C. R. Hopwood's leadership. He held his forwards together splendidly, and next year Richmond should do well. Two of their recruits seemed particularly promising, G. E. Delafield, a forward who should get a Blue at Cambridge, and E. R. M. Bowerman, a likely wing three-quarter.

THE London Scottish have at least enjoyed their football, especially a grand game down at Bristol, but on the

(Continued on page 564)

THE NEED FOR MORE FLYING CLUBS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wingfield, of Bombay, with their Puss Moth, in which they put up the fastest time in the race for the Viceroy's Cup. Dr Sproul, of the Punjab Club, won on his handicap at a speed of ninety-six miles an hour

Five Years' Agreement

THE decision of the Government to continue the grants to light aeroplane clubs for a further period of five years is most satisfactory, even though it involves a reduction of the maximum amount which can be earned by any one club. Payment for every additional licensed pilot who is trained will be on a more generous scale than during the past year or so, and this should encourage the formation of many more clubs. That these are needed is apparent at a glance if one examines a map of the country showing the position of existing centres where training can be obtained at a reasonable price. The main object of the subsidy being to promote public interest in flying, it is obviously to the advantage of the country as a whole to have a club near every town. This should also mean having a landing ground near every centre of population, without which facility flying as a whole cannot progress. The work of the existing clubs has been responsible, to a very great extent, for the success of the British light aeroplane industry. Not only are our machines used by private owners and clubs of every nationality, but the Dominion and foreign clubs have been modelled on the British pattern, which is a tribute to its enterprise and efficiency.

A New Machine

As a result of using a large number of standard parts from existing types, de Havilland's have produced a four-seater machine for less than £1,000. This is undoubtedly the best value to be obtained on the market to-day, and I would recommend the Fox Moth as it is to be called, to the attention of working pilots, air line operators, and also people who can afford a pilot mechanic. The principal differences observed between the Puss Moth and the new type are that the latter is a biplane, the pilot sits outside the cabin, and three passengers can be carried instead of two. The engine is a Gipsy III of 120 horse power, which gives the machine a cruising speed of 95 miles an hour and the range with the normal tank is four hours. Its take-off, climb, and landing speed are all exceptionally good, whilst control on the ground with brakes and a tail wheel must be seen to be appreciated. Deliveries are expected at the beginning of June, and trial flights can be arranged at Stag Lane at a moment's notice.

"Bill" Johns, the editor of "Popular Flying," a new monthly devoted to aviation, is a well-known figure at all flying meetings. He was a pilot with the R.F.C. and R.A.F. for many years and has the distinction of being an artist as well as a journalist

News of the Day

BY order of the Air Ministry flying instruction must cease at Croydon on August 31, after which date the Airport will be reserved for International and other commercial traffic. There are two schools affected, both of which will have to transfer pupils to some other site, well away from the main air route to the Continent. There can be no doubt that the order is a wise one, as it anticipates the possible danger of collision with a large passenger machine, due to the inexperience of a pupil on one of his or her early solo flights. Heston, Hatfield Hanworth Park, and Stag Lane have their own schools or clubs, the first-named being also an airport from which most private owners clear Customs to and from abroad. Many more aerodromes will be required round London in the future, and there is money to be made by those who choose sites that can be reached most easily from the West End and the City. There is to be an air ferry between the Isle of Wight and the mainland this summer, the fare to be probably five shillings for a single journey taking seven minutes. The only other ferry service of this kind that I know of is that which crosses New York. Three-engined Ford air liners are used, and many hundreds of passengers are carried every day.

"Who's Who in Aviation"

THE British Year Book of that name, published by "Airways," of 6, Norfolk Street, Strand, is assured of a place on the bookshelf of everyone interested in flying because, amongst much other information, it supplies the key to the history and the present occupation of most people engaged in aviation. The edition for 1932 has been considerably enlarged, and is sold at six shillings. Lady Drummond-Hay's Puss Moth has been fitted with an electric self-starter, an example which should be followed on many other private machines. Not that the Gipsy engine or any small power plant is difficult to start by hand, but prop-swinging is more dangerous than cranking a car, and, in any case, it seems rather out of date in 1932, nearly ten years after the first light 'plane was produced.

They GOT What They WANTED

Left : J. E. Lovelock (Otago, New Zealand, and Exeter) and the Oxford President, J. F. Cornes (Clifton and Corpus Christi), both wanted to win the One Mile for Oxford at the Varsity Sports. Their wishes were granted, as they dead-heated for first place

A DOUBLE "FIRST"

A PLEASANT EVENING

Above : Lord Inverclyde and Miss Rose Bingham found the realisation of their wish the other night at Ciro's

AN ELUSIVE HALF

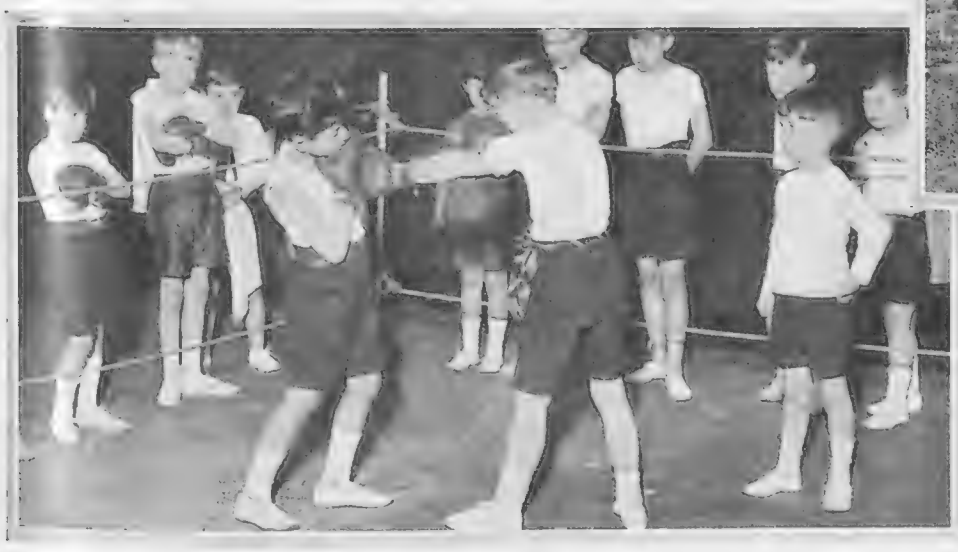
Left : The Irish forwards wanted to get hold of W. C. Powell, the Welsh half, before he could pass the ball out. An incident in the recent Rugger International at Cardiff, won by Ireland

A GAME OF BADMINTON

Left : Mrs. H. S. Uber and Miss A. Woodroffe, leading lights of the Badminton world, wanted a game and got several—at the West of England Championships at Bristol

A WINNER IN THE MAKING

A member of Capt. A. E. Brice's bloodstock farm at Witham, Essex, getting a grip on a Gainsborough-Etona yearling preparatory to breaking it in to the lead



A PAIR OF GLOVES

The Maharajah of Burdwan's son, Amrit Kumar Khanna (left), and Tony Aylmer both wanted a pair of boxing gloves and the chance to use them. Their wishes were granted when they and other Society children gave a gymnastic display at Wyndham's Theatre in aid of St. Dunstan's

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF TROPHY (continued from page 559)

Miss Sylvia Bailey and Compston for Coombe Hill, Miss Bailey swinging a golf club as attractively as any lady you may see in many a long day. Even if you should have driven all the way from Westminster on tramlines, that couple would console you for the effort. So would Miss Diana Fishwick and P. Buckland for North Foreland, and one cannot forgo a notion that. . . . But tips are barred.

BERT HODSON, of Ryder Cup fame, will have the very steadiest of partners in Miss Dorrit Wilkins, twice runner-up in the Girls' Championship, and her straightness, like Miss Fishwick's. . . . Again we are running off the rails. Miss Diana Plumpton and Tingey—they hit the ball far enough to gobble up at a gulp some of those tremendous slopes at which short players will take a series of ineffectual nibbles, and that will mean. . . . Mrs. Peal, with Hedges, from West Byfleet, is a beautiful stylist, not very long, but with all the attributes that she rightfully brings from Gullane and her experience in the Scottish team when she was Miss Marjorie Thomas. . . . They. . . . Well, it is impossible to say something about everybody, even if it were discreet; a couple emphatically to have an eye cast over them are Miss Pauline Doran, twice girl champion, and Fred Robson, on their home course. Local knowledge . . . .

WHAT kind of a course, in fact, is Addington Palace? The answer will be as many different things as the number of people you interrogate, and will depend, on a golfing point of view, on how they have played there. If they have sown wild oats amongst fir trees (under whose branches such vegetation notoriously refuses to grow) they will call Addington Palace destructive; if they have been taking the wrong turning up and down the slopes the adjective will be maddening; if they hit the ball not only far but extraordinarily straight, they will tell you that it is entirely fascinating, as delightful to play at as to look at.

If a mere onlooker may be so irreverent, the adjective would be "Addington Palace is such fun." The good shot reaps such a very big reward, the bad one such gloriously emphatic punishment; the well-struck ball looks so picturesque against the dark background of the trees; the wandering one makes so resounding a smack as it hits their trunks. And he or she who can play a shot to make a shot will always have the better of the pair who merely play a super-excellent shot without thought of the next one. And that is the essence of first-class golf, if ever anything is.

AS to the beauty of the place, it goes without saying. My only fear for to-day is that some of the spectators, if they get tired of watching golf as it should be played, will wander away up to the rough, each after his or her own particular bent, and never come back again, for Addington Palace has so many really wonderful attractions.

THE mere ordinary, normal spectator will not bother about the minor worries of the players; will find, instead, that Addington Palace, with THE BYSTANDER battle in progress, is an extremely pleasant place whereat to spend a spring day. And mere ordinary, normal people have a knack of being right nine times out of ten. "ONLOOKER"

MISS MARJORIE WHITE

MISS DIANA FISHWICK

Miss Marjorie White, of Roehampton, will be partnered by George Gadd in to-day's competition. Miss Diana Fishwick and P. Buckland will represent North Foreland

AN EXPLANATION

The "Bystander" regrets that owing to the fact that the record number of eighty-six entries was received some days before the last closing day, the entry list had to be closed earlier than was advertised and it is impossible to start more matches.

RUGGER (continued from page 561)

whole this has not been a great season for them. They also have been forced to make many changes, and unfortunately they are losing D. J. Macmyn and W. N. Roughead, two of their International forwards, both of whom are retiring.

INDIVIDUAL members of the Old Milhillians have been gathering glory for the club, for there are now five Internationals playing in their team—W. H. Sobey, R. S. Spong, T. H. B. Lawther, P. D. Howard and J. W. G. Hume. This is encouraging for Old Boy football, and although the Milhillians, judging by results, have not been as successful as we might have expected (they, too, have been troubled by casualties), they are certainly one of the strongest sides in London.

ROSSLYN PARK are another club whose victories have been evenly balanced by defeats, promising though some of their players are. Of the old hands P. T Cooper has led his pack vigorously, A. K. Woodhouse has worked tirelessly at scrum half, and E. W. F. de V. Hunt has emerged as the best attacking centre Ireland has had since G. V. Stephenson. Then there is H. F. Wickert, a young forward who shapes remarkably well. He does not work enough yet, but when he uses his weight in the tight scrummages and loose mauls, he will be a back-row man to watch.

I SUPPOSE we have to look outside London if we wish to find the best club of the year, though it is difficult to discriminate between the many powerful provincial teams. Northampton are always hard to beat, and this winter three of their forwards, T. Harris, R. J. Longland and E. Coley, have played for England, while in C. Slow they surely have an English stand-off half in the making.

THEN Leicester have some fine players, R. J. Barr, for instance, the English full-back, G. R. Beamish, the greatest of modern forwards, D. J. Norman, who was chosen to work for England against the Springboks, and H. J. Greenlees, of Scotland.

ON these lines the list is a long one—Coventry, with R. S. Roberts, T. Coulson, A. Gascoigne and G. Harriman; Bristol, that fine club, with the massive D. W. Burland, the elusive C. B. Carter, and T. W. Brown and G. G. Gregory of England; Gloucester, led by L. Saxby, with Roy James, who has been near the English side at stand-off half, and H. Boughton, a sound full-back; the Devonport Services, with their splendid pack, and the Portsmouth Services, with fine forwards, and several Navy players behind the scrummage.

THE list may be long, but it is encouraging. Although the records suggest that in club football we have descended to a level of mediocrity, the players are there, and while they retain their enthusiasm we need not fear for the future of the game. W. M.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT

A Bradford forward trying to cut through during the match against Blackheath at Rectory Field The Heathens won by 25 points to 9

COLLAR HIM!

A scene in the recent International between Ireland and Wales at Cardiff Arms. A Welsh forward is seen being collared before he can kick clear

FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE London Women's Foursomes was the first important women's event of the year, and the occasion of the first public appearance of Enid Wilson, the British champion, since her return from America.

Miss Wilson has slightly changed her style of play, and appears to have adopted some of the characteristics of Bobby Jones.

In the early stages she was not playing with her usual confidence, but I hear she intends to put in a great deal of practice before the International match with America and the championship. As the event proceeded she settled down.

MOLLY GOURLAY does not appear to be affected by her recent hunting accident, and hit the ball as well as ever. She and Miss Chambers (Camberley Heath) had a fight in the second round, when Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. McNair, representing St. George's Hill, were 2 up at the eighth, but then St. George's Hill lost five out of the next six holes, and the match by 2 and 1.

The defeat of the Thorndon Park pair, Mrs. P. Garon and Mrs. Garrett, by Miss Doxford and Mrs. Major (Chislehurst), was one of the surprises of the second round.

THE play of Miss Jean Forsyth, who with Mrs. R. E. A. Bott represented Porters Park, early attracted attention. Miss Forsyth is a twenty - year - old Norfolk county player. She has an attractive style, and I predict a promising golfing future for her. Her side won both their first and second round matches by the comfortable margin of 6 and 5.

THE play on the second day, when the third and fourth rounds were played, was of a very high standard, which augurs well for women's golf in 1932, which is to us as a country a very important year.

Miss Elvira Henderson, who is playing the lead in "Below the Surface" at the Prince of Wales', and her fiancé, Mr. John Whitmore Humphrey, now appearing in "Can the Leopard . . . ?" at the Haymarket, golfing at Wimbledon Park. Miss Henderson is a niece of Lord Faringdon

Pearl Freeman

THE HON. WILLIAM BROWNLOW

The noted International golfer who will always be remembered for his great match against Bobby Jones in 1930, when he lost a 36 holes match by only one hole. He regularly makes records for the Columbia Gramophone Co.

MISS K. GARNHAM

Who with Mrs. Guedella represented Addington in the London Ladies' Golf Foursomes at Sandy Lodge, playing from a bunker. She and her partner lost to Camberley Heath in the fourth round

MISS GOURLAY'S play in the fourth round against Addington (Miss Kathleen Garnham and Mrs. Guedella) was patchy. She hit some fine shots, but others which were most unlike her; particularly was this the case with a spoon shot at the 14th, at a time when her side was not in a happy position, Mrs. Guedella and Miss Garnham having won the tenth in two, Miss Garnham holing her chip shot, and the eleventh (435 yards) in a great four. However, Miss Gourlay and her partner pulled themselves together and won on the eighteenth. Miss Wilson and Miss Rudgard walked away from their opponents, Walton Heath, winning by 7 and 6, and then disposed of West Byfleet by 6 and 5. So far it had not needed much effort.

ONE of the features of the day's play was Miss Dix Perkins' hot water bottle, which she claims as a sort of mascot. It, at all events, was a lucky one on this day, she and Mrs. Guy Bennett (Sandy Lodge) winning their way into the semi-finals. Miss Forsyth and Mrs. Bott took the seventh (200 yards into the wind) in 2, and the eighth in the same figure.

On the third day the semi-finals were between Sandy Lodge (Miss Dix Perkins and Mrs. Guy Bennett) and Porters Park (Miss Jean Forsyth and Mrs. R. E. A. Bott), and Camberley Heath (Miss Molly Gourlay and Miss D. Chambers), and the holders, the Lady Golfers' Club (Miss Enid Wilson and Miss G. E. C. Rudgard).

PORTERS PARK started with the lead and turned 3 up. Sandy Lodge looked like squaring the match at the 14th, but Miss Forsyth sank a 15 ft. putt for a half. Mrs. Bennett raised the hopes of her side's supporters by holing a putt of the same length at the 15th, but Mrs. Bott rose to the occasion and holed her slightly shorter one for the half. Porters Park won by 2 and 1, and so entered the final.

In the match between Camberley Heath and the holders the latter turned four up, then began a great struggle. Miss Gourlay holed a fine putt to win the 10th; they won the 11th and halved the 12th in four. Here Miss Wilson put her second, a long brassie shot, within three yards of the hole. The end came at the 16th, the Lady Golfers' Club winning by 3 and 2.

THOSE LONG NOVELS

By "Junius"

SURELY, when a writer embarks upon the now favourite history of succeeding generations of a family he or she might, in charity to their readers, give a genealogical table at the beginning of each volume. Then you will know who was who, even if you hadn't read the previous volumes. But Miss Storm Jameson gives you no help at all. Her book, *That was Yesterday* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is obviously a continuation of a family history. The jacket tells you that the "drab, futile, and resigned spirit of Hervey Price is given new wings." But the heroine was born Hervey Russell, and married an unsatisfactory schoolmaster called Vane. And Hervey Vane was the grand-daughter of the "now famous Mary Hansyke." So who Hervey Price is I can't make out unless she is a misprint. Mary Hansyke appears to have been the heroine of an earlier volume.

How can an author expect readers to remember the ramifications of a family through several generations, even if they have read preceding volumes, without some explanatory table?

Like all these books, which in the modern fashion pursue a family from its first cradle to its fiftieth or sixtieth grave, *That was Yesterday* depends for its effect upon detail, detail, and yet more detail. This is interesting when the detail is varied, but when, as in the case of Hervey Vane, the detail is practically the same from beginning to end you grow weary. Poor lodgings, an unceasing struggle on a pitiful income, husband and wife quarrels, tears, can be indicated as the background of a story, but when they literally become the story, and are described over and over again, the result is monotony. There is a baby's bath-tub in this story which is a veritable King Charles's head, and counting how many times Hervey Vane washes up tea-things in the course of the story would make a pleasant occupation for a wet afternoon. No, these long novels become wearisome when the author swamps their characters in a flood of repeated detail.

Pearl Freeman

MISS STORM JAMESON

Whose latest book, "That Was Yesterday," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Heinemann at 7s. 6d.

MR. NEIL BELL has a prodigious industry. He published his first novel, *Precious Porcelain,* last March. This was followed in August by *Life and Andrew Otway,* a book of nearly a quarter of a million of words; and now we have *The Marriage of Simon Harper* (Gollancz: 8*s.* 6*d.*), a novel of the same length. It is a tragedy on the grand scale. Here again there are masses of detail, but, as the years go on from Simon Harper's marriage until the tragic end, Mr. Bell uses that detail with increasing force and skill to create background and atmosphere. You may quarrel with the author's psychology twice in this gripping and intense story—Harper's wife's adultery, and the life deliberately chosen by his daughter. Both seem arbitrary, whereas every other happening is the outcome of circumstances.

MR. NEIL BELL

The author of "The Marriage of Simon Harper" (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.). "Junius" discusses it in the accompanying article

Simon Harper, foreman carpenter, reminds one of the hard-hewn Puritans. He has all the merits, all the limitations of a character formed by a narrow Biblical teaching. He marries. His troubles are akin to Job's. He loses his two eldest children through diphtheria; his second son embezzles money from a bank and goes to Australia. One of his daughters, widowed in the War, marries and also goes to Australia; his youngest daughter becomes a prostitute; and the twin boys, born of his wife's adultery, and whom Simon has brought up as his own, are both killed in the War.

In the meantime he has become a rich builder and contractor by indomitable push and energy, but at the end he is left with nothing except his money and the two children in Australia, for his wife commits suicide. None of his children had loved him; his wife never really got over her fear of him, yet the man has a capacity for deep affection. An outstanding book, this, of power, strength, and reality, and a perfect example of what the long novel should be.

ISABEL is an odd young woman. She is the heroine of *Isabel* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Gerald Gould. Although her creator would have us believe that her successive choice of two husbands and three lovers comes from a kind and unselfish nature, and the principle that she must give herself to anybody who "really *needs* her," you can't accept the odd situation at his valuation. And for this reason:

Isabel first marries a sexagenarian because she thinks he "needs" her. When he dies she becomes the mistress of a man who has never been able to make up his mind whether he loved her or her sister Rosamund the more. Then a young man "needs" her. Off she goes to him, only to depart to a wealthy newspaper proprietor who "needs" her so badly that he marries her. Next, a brilliant young Member of Parliament casts his career to the winds because he "needs" her.

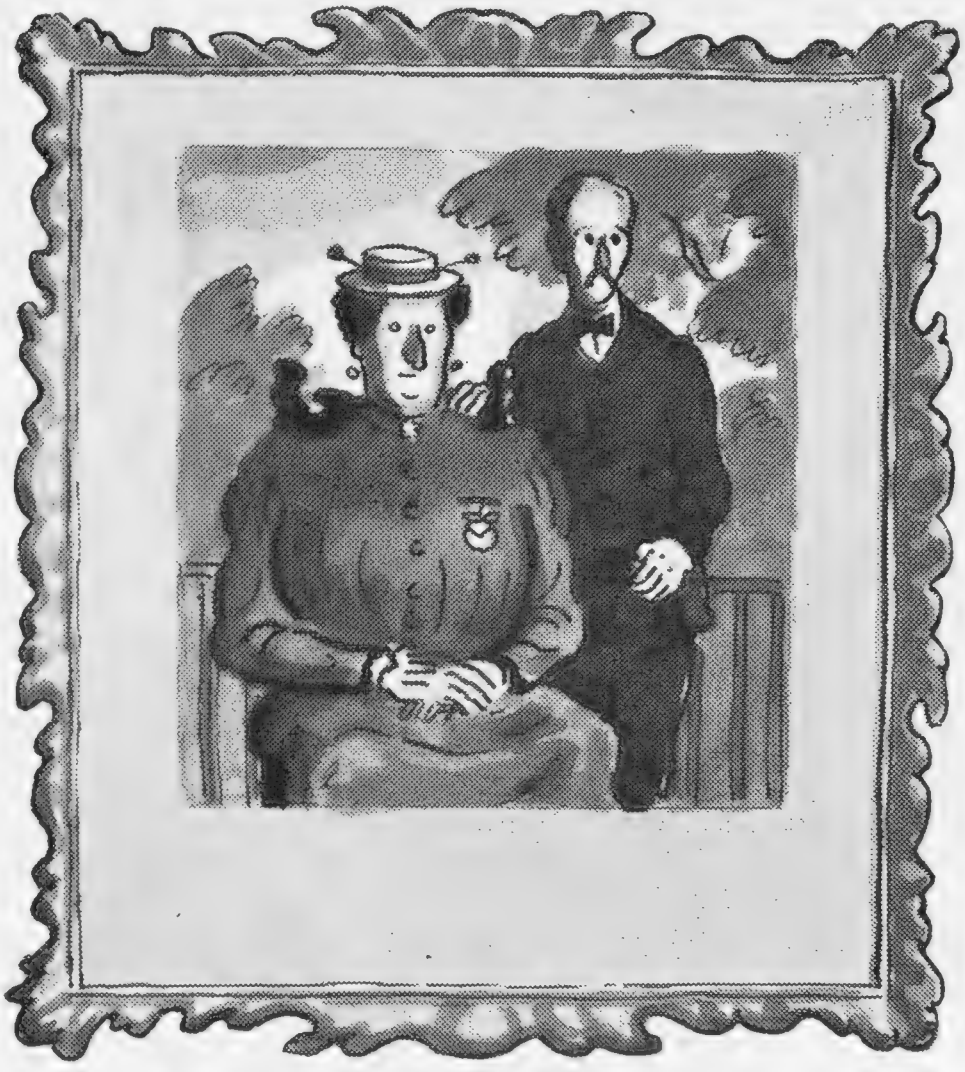
The odd thing about the situation each time is that the lover or husband about to be left "needs" Isabel just as much as ever, which takes all the "sacrifice" out of her theory of giving herself where she is "needed." And the light-hearted way in which she skips wherever she thinks she is "needed" suggests that the young woman is using a hypocritical camouflage of "principle" and "unselfishness" to explain the doings of a wanton.

MISS SYLVIA THOMPSON has the happiest art. A witty phrase, a sentence or two, and she sets before you a character or a situation. Her people always create their own atmosphere, just as people do in real life. Her latest book, *Summer's Night* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is undoubtedly her best. You have the old country-house atmosphere at Melcombe, the old home of the Bitternes, and then the change when Melcombe is bought by the newly rich Lord Whichford. Charles Bitterne marries Jasmin, the Whichford daughter, but it is only at the end of the book that you discover the part Lady Whichford had played in trying to bring the marriage to smash.

A delightful book, full of charm, and subtly clever, too, in its contrasted characters of the men, and more particularly of Lady Whichford and Mrs. Bitterne.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Mr. Wallop was; read what his wife says—



From Mrs. Sounding-Wallop of Catchum Flats

Gentlemen,

My husband has fled on your petrol because he said he could be Sure of Shell. What, as honourable men, do you propose to do about it?

Yours indignantly

Winifred Sounding-Wallop

Winter Shell Petrol is specially blended to give quick starting in cold weather

Rosita Moreno, the Spanish screen star, chatting with Warwick Ward at Elstree during the making of the British Paramount production, "Stamboul." The car is a Vauxhall Cadet

REFLECTIONS on the RALLY

By E. M. WRIGHT

ORDINARY mortals like myself were content to vote the R.A.C. Rally a thorough-going success, and leave it at that, with the hope, perhaps, that another Rally would be held next year. Not so the super-critics. For weeks before the event, and for long after, the Club was taken to task for a hundred and one things it ought to have done and for an equal number of things it ought not to have done. And above all this pother could be heard a piercing wail from super-sportsmen that the Rally was too easy—so easy, in fact, that an ordinary motorist, driving an ordinary car, stood an excellent chance of winning!

WITH such a complaint I flatly disagree. The trouble with the majority of our motor events is that they are so difficult as to appeal only to a very small coterie of enthusiasts. The same few take part in event after event, and the ordinary motorist is left out in the cold. The R.A.C. were wise indeed to organise the Rally on simple lines, and the huge entry they received fully justified their action.

THEY were wise, too, in the latitude they allowed with regard to equipment. Unlike the Monte Carlo authorities, they placed no restriction on transmission systems, with the result that the Rally was notable, from the purely technical point of view, for the appearance of a number of remarkable new devices, of some of which we shall probably hear a great deal more in the next few months.

Sir George Beharrell, D.S.O., who has been nominated to succeed Sir James Lithgow as President of the Federation of British Industries. Sir George is the Managing Director of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., and a Director of Imperial Airways

THREE makes, including the winner in the larger car class, had the Daimler fluid flywheel, and the winning car in the Light Car Class had the new Salserni torque converter or hydraulic clutch, a similar device. Thanks to these fitments, the cars concerned took so long to cover the hundred yards in the slow-running test that observers were hard put to it to make certain the wheels were moving at all.

BUT although the slow-running test provided an excellent opportunity of displaying new transmission devices, I cannot help feeling that the undue importance attached to this one test rather upset the original plan of making the Rally an everyman affair. It may well be asked—Who wants to take five minutes to cover a hundred yards, and this on top gear? If ever such a painful proceeding were necessary in motoring—which it never is—one has other gears in which to go through it. I question the value to the Man-in-the-Street of an event in which so much depended on this one feature, which would be better suited to a gymkhana than a serious motor competition. I do not want to pour cold water on attempts to improve our cars; but was the Rally an appropriate occasion?

AND, in any case, it is not on the engineering side that I wish to dwell, but on the sporting side, and particularly its application to the ordinary motorist. Many of the competitors, of course, were drivers who have won international fame in trials and rallies, but there were others who were quite unknown, and who competed in a more or less holiday mood—and it is this holiday mood, I think, we ought to encourage. When an event becomes as grimly earnest as a big business deal, then it almost ceases to be sport at all. The Rally was not for "aces" alone, and one particularly happy feature was the presence of so many women competitors, some of them "aces" in their own right, but other recruits—and welcome recruits—to motor sport.

Part of the fleet of Singer cars used by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham and representative Mayors from other cities on the occasion of their visit to the British Industries Fair. Three Singer Kaye Don Saloons, two Silent-Six Saloons, and one Eighteen-Six Saloon were loaned for the occasion

THERE are some who are for ever bewailing the fact that road races are banned in this country, and that, compared with Italy, say, motor sport here is almost non-existent. I, too, wish that road racing were allowed here, but what I really wish to see is greater interest in what might be termed "village green" sport—the sort of motoring in which everyone could join. One of the best auguries for the future of such sport is the growing success of one-make motor clubs.

The De Reszke Touch

The large handmade De Reszke Americans are 20 for 1/6.

The smaller De Reszke Minors, made of exactly the same choice Virginia tobacco, are 20 for 8d.

De Reszke

MINORS

10 for 4d.

5 for 2d. + 20 for 8d. + Flat tins, 60 for 2/=

COATS AND CODDLING — By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM always amazed when I meet people with wire-haired terriers, Airedales, and suchlike dogs, wearing coats. I am all for looking after one's dogs and giving them every care, but coats on dogs with thick hair is another matter, and, I think, very foolish. When a dog is running about he gets up his circulation very quickly and a coat impedes it. In fact, there is no possible justification for such a garment in ordinary circumstances. No doubt exotic animals like Mexican Hua Huas do need them, but I am talking about ordinary English breeds.

I DO not say that there is never any justification for a coat. For instance, if you have taken a dog to a heated show and you come out late in the evening (as, for instance, at Cruft's) you would be well advised to put on a coat, particularly if you are going by bus or train. This also applies to dogs that are travelling in a heated railway carriage, but a cold winter's morning never yet was too cold for a healthy dog. An animal with lung trouble must, of course, wear one, but your vet. will tell you when to put that on. Wearing a coat continually will prevent the thick-coated dog having a good pelt and should always be avoided. Even thin-haired dogs like dachshunds soon develop resistance to wind and weather if they are not coddled and fussed.

I MAY sound hard-hearted, but I can assure you that I have had to train myself not to be too soft. Out in Canada I had a most inefficient animal called Husky, who was supposed to pull the sledge carrying my provisions from the station shack to my shack in the bush, a matter of three miles. Husky was a cross between a Great Dane and something else (it may have been a pointer) and was totally unfitted for work in the snow. After a few minutes she would put up her paws pathetically as they were thin and not well padded, and I used to warm them in my furry mitts. "God help you if you ever have to depend on that bitch," an old trapper said to me one day, and it would have been true. However, luckily such an occasion never arose. It is extraordinary how hard-hearted one becomes when it is cold and miserable and the camp fires are still some way ahead. I have viewed a dog with bleeding feet quite callously, because I wanted to make camp before it got too late.

THE LAUGHING LADY

Stella of Beaconsfield, a pedigree Alsatian, welcomes the photographer to her home at New Southgate. Though an aristocrat of the Dog world, there is nothing "up-stage" about her

WHEN the snow is so frozen that the dogs' feet get cut, you make them moccasins. This is a case in point when a little coddling is not coddling, if you understand what I mean; it is merely common-sense, because a lame dog can't pull his weight. It is terrible to find yourself with nothing of which to make moccasins for the dogs, and to have to continue the trail day after day with their poor feet getting worse and worse. They are terribly uncomplaining and hardy as a rule.

MY SISTER'S LIKE *THAT !* (continued from page 550)

Well, I will say the company moved heaven and earth to keep us away from their first-night in London. I will say they did. What they called my sister to that young playwright was just nobody's business!

It seemed to make him cling to her all the more. She never desisted from trying to persuade him from opening in London.

In the end we went back before they did.

And then the Sardine King sent us two stalls in Row D for the first-night.

"Thank God," said Carol, with tears in her eyes, "they no longer throw things in London. If Sweet Nell of Old Drury were still about there would be marmalade on the stage."

Well, she worked herself up into the most shocking state of nerves before the first-night. She looked too awful, positively green, sitting there.

Of course, the thing was just a complete flop. The audience were restive, the critics rose and trotted out before the middle of the second act, and then the gallery (which had paid its money) and the pit got busy. It really was rather beastly, all that!

I don't think there have been many one-night shows, but it was pretty obvious this was going to be one.

In the last act they started to guy everything. Every time anybody kissed anybody somebody made a noise like a champagne cork.

Every time they said anything a voice from the back would say, "Sez you!"

Crafton had some really awfully sweet ways. He had bouquets ready for presentation to the principal actresses at the end of the evening, and even they had begun to look like funeral wreaths round the back.

There was Crafton himself wandering round the house furtively, like a starving mosquito outside the netting.

It really was distressing. I could have cried myself.

As for Carol, she was beside herself. Just before the fall of the curtain she could stick it no longer. She slipped out and said: "Let's get out of this."

He said: "You were right, and I suppose they were having me on. It's a flop all right. I feel dreadful. What am I going to do?"

"Come outside and come for a ride on the top of the 'bus," said Carol.

Carol told me all about it afterwards. She said they sat in the back seat and cried pints, and he told her how marvellous she was, and how she had got second sight and intuition, and one thing and another, and how this was his last blow.

Oh, they had a regular wake on the back seat of the motor 'bus.

"After all," Carol consoled him, "you're the head of one of the biggest businesses in Europe. You feed thousands. You're a national figure."

"Well, let's get married by a special licence, and go away to Italy till this blows over," said Crafton. "Tomorrow's newspapers are going to give me a lifetime of inferiority complex."

"Nonsense," said Carol briskly, "but we'll go to Italy all the same."

She told me they went to the terminus and came right back on the same 'bus without budging, and when she got off there was his play advertised on the side of the 'bus.

He just looked at it and turned sick, and clung to her. But Carol, who remembered, even though violently in love, that all 'buses have two sides, hastily dragged him round the other side.

On it was written that simple, world-famous motto: "Eat More Fish."

My sister's just like that.

C. J.-S.

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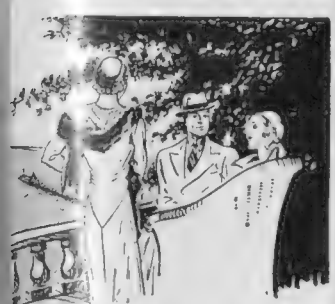

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Where Summer Winters

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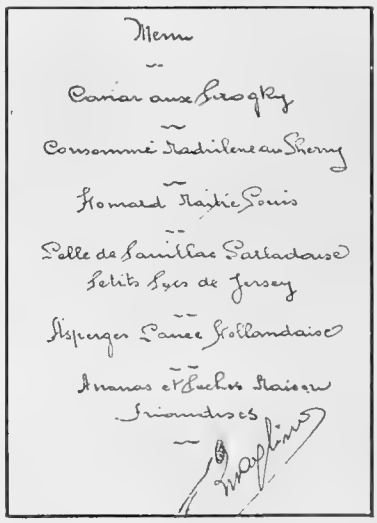
THE GOURMET — By Emilia

OLIVES À LA METROPOLE are olives stuffed with green butter set in little rounds of aspic and served on slices of sausage garnished with green butter. (Green butter consists of very finely chopped parsley mixed with butter into a paste.)


Menu
Caviar aux Blinis Kry
Consommé Madrilène au Sherry
Homard Thermidor Louis
Selle de Pauillac Parisienne
Petits Pois de Jersey
Asperges Sauce Hollandaise
Ananas et Fraises Maison
Friandises

The menu of a dinner served at Chez Quaglino recently. It has been signed by M. Quaglino

Sole à la Marselle

REMOVE the head from a fresh sole, score the fish across, season with salt and coralline pepper and a little lemon-juice, put in a buttered fireproof dish and cover with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Take it up and pour a cheese sauce over, then brown under the grill.

Poulet aux Trois Frères

CUT up a chicken as for frying, but in small pieces, making two pieces of each leg, two of the breast, and two of the back. Melt enough butter to cover the bottom of a casserole, add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, put in the chicken and cover it with some very small onions and about 2 lb. of small potatoes, each cut into four. Flavour with salt, pepper, and a little mace. It will take forty minutes in a good oven. The onions should be well done, and the whole dish a good brown colour. Arrange it all very closely together in a silver dish, and pour over it three or four tablespoonfuls of hot dissolved glaze. Chicken is most delicious cooked in this way.

Soufflé aux Fraises

PUT one and a half gills of milk and half a gill of cream into a stewpan. Let it come to the boil, and add 2 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of sugar. Whilst boiling stir in 1 oz. of flour and ½ oz. of ground rice, which have been previously mixed. Stir with a wooden spoon over the fire until it is thick. Let it cool, and add by degrees the yolks of three eggs. Add ½ lb. of strawberry jam, mix thoroughly if necessary, colour with a few drops of cochineal, whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding a pinch of salt before beginning to whisk, and stir gently into the mixture; pour into a well-buttered soufflé tin, bake for half an hour, turn out, and serve with strawberry syrup.

Aigrettes au Fromage

SLICE ¼ lb. of cheese and pound in a mortar with 1 oz. of butter, salt and pepper, and a little mustard and curry powder mixed. Serve on fingers of hot buttered toast.

Luncheon

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
(OLIVES À LA METROPOLE.)
SOLE À LA MARSELLE.
POULET AUX TROIS FRÈRES.
POMMES FRITES. EPINARDS AU JUS.
SOUFFLÉ AUX FRAISES.
AIGRETTES AU FROMAGE.
CAFÉ.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Remember the Kiddies

Year in and year out, in times of national prosperity or financial hardship, Dr. Barnardo's Homes never cease carrying on their wonderful work in caring for orphans and destitute children, although the struggle is a grim and stern one, for without funds it is impossible to keep the homes going, and subscriptions are not too easily come by in these difficult times. If only the public could realise to what wonderful use subscriptions are put they would be even more eager and ready to help this wonderful cause that has as its proud boast: "No destitute child ever refused admission," for in Dr. Barnardo's Homes little ones who might otherwise grow up to an existence of poverty, misery, and possibly crime, are given a start in life which enables them to become decent, respected citizens, who play no small part in benefiting the common weal. A subscription to Dr. Barnardo's Homes means not only help and succour for a destitute child, but is an investment in the future of the Empire itself. Donations and subscriptions should be addressed to the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E., honorary treasurer, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Holidays Problem

At this time of the year plans for the summer holidays are being formulated and the vexed problem of where to go is exercising the minds—and all too often fraying the tempers—of normally the most placid of families. But there is no reason in the world why these plans should not be made in ease and peace. This year more people than ever before will be abandoning a Continental holiday in favour of one spent in our own country, and the decision of what place to visit will be greatly facilitated by reference to the Great Western Railway Holiday Haunts Guide for 1932. Comprising almost a thousand pages, it gives full and comprehensive details of all the leading seabound and inland holiday resorts served by its trains. There are seven sections, which deal with London and Southern Counties, The Cornish Riviera, Glorious Devon, Somerset, Dorset and the Channel Islands, North Wales, South Wales and Monmouthshire, the Midland Counties and the Isle of Man. Full details of the social amenities and natural surroundings and points of interest are given, as are particulars of farmhouses, country lodgings, hotels, boarding-houses, hydros, restaurants, cafés, estate agents, etc. The Holiday Guide, which is ably edited by Maxwell Fraser, F.R.G.S., is profusely illustrated with photographs of noted pleasure resorts and beauty spots, and is obtainable, price sixpence, at all Great Western Railway stations, offices, agencies, and bookstalls. It can be ordered through the leading newsagents and booksellers, or it will be sent to any address by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, upon application, accompanied by a remittance of sixpence.

ON THE SUNNY CÔTE D'AZUR

A bird's-eye view of part of the procession which formed a big feature of the Fête des Nations at Nice. It is seen, watched by huge crowds, passing along the famous Promenade des Anglais

In Memoriam

We learn with regret that the death of Mr. John James Mason, a director and vice-chairman of Spratt's Patent, Ltd., occurred on March 13 one hour before that of his wife. Mr. Mason, who was seventy-three years of age, joined "Spratt's Patent" some forty-six years ago, just prior to its incorporation as a public company; he was appointed to the board of Spratt's Patent, Ltd., in 1918, and became deputy managing director in 1924, and vice-chairman in 1929. He had been ill for only a few days.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test

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"My congratulations for GRANT'S BRITISH is indeed CRÊME DE MENTHE at its best."

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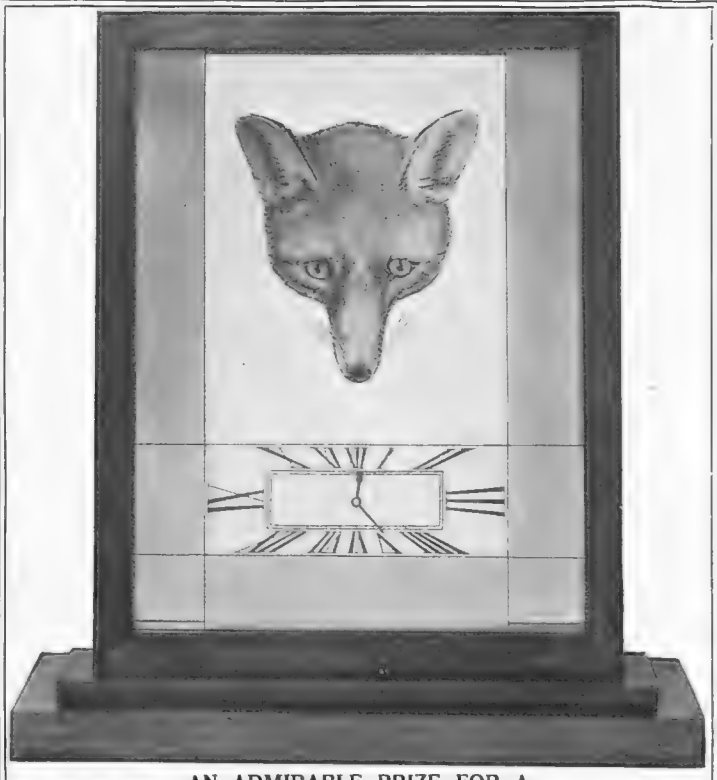

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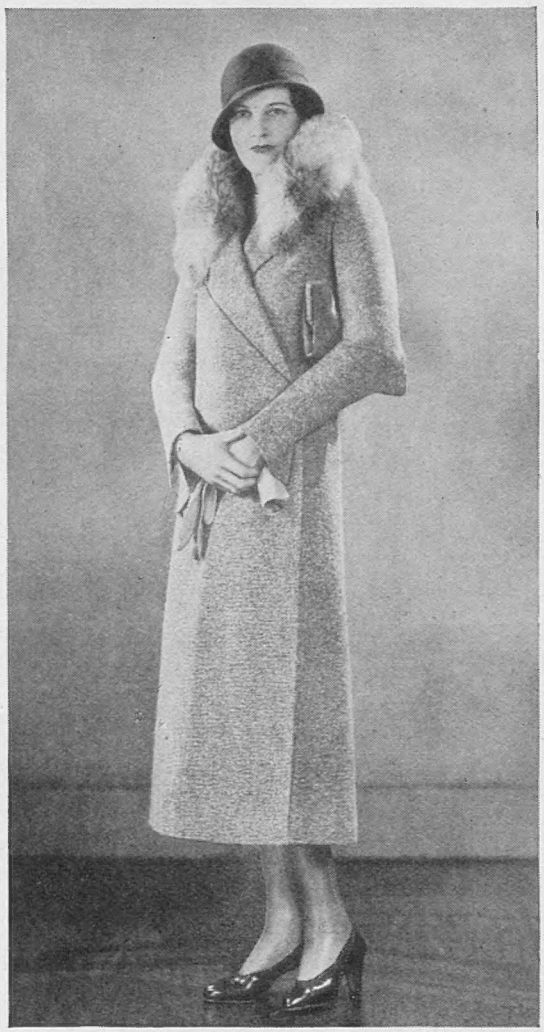

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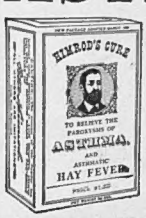

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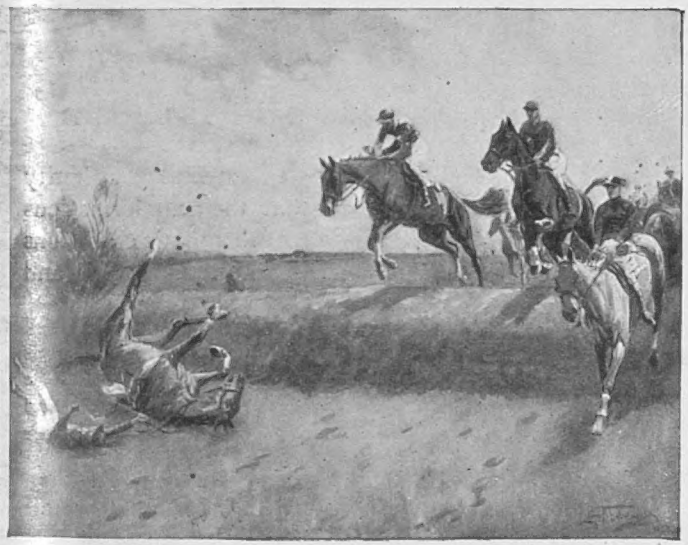

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